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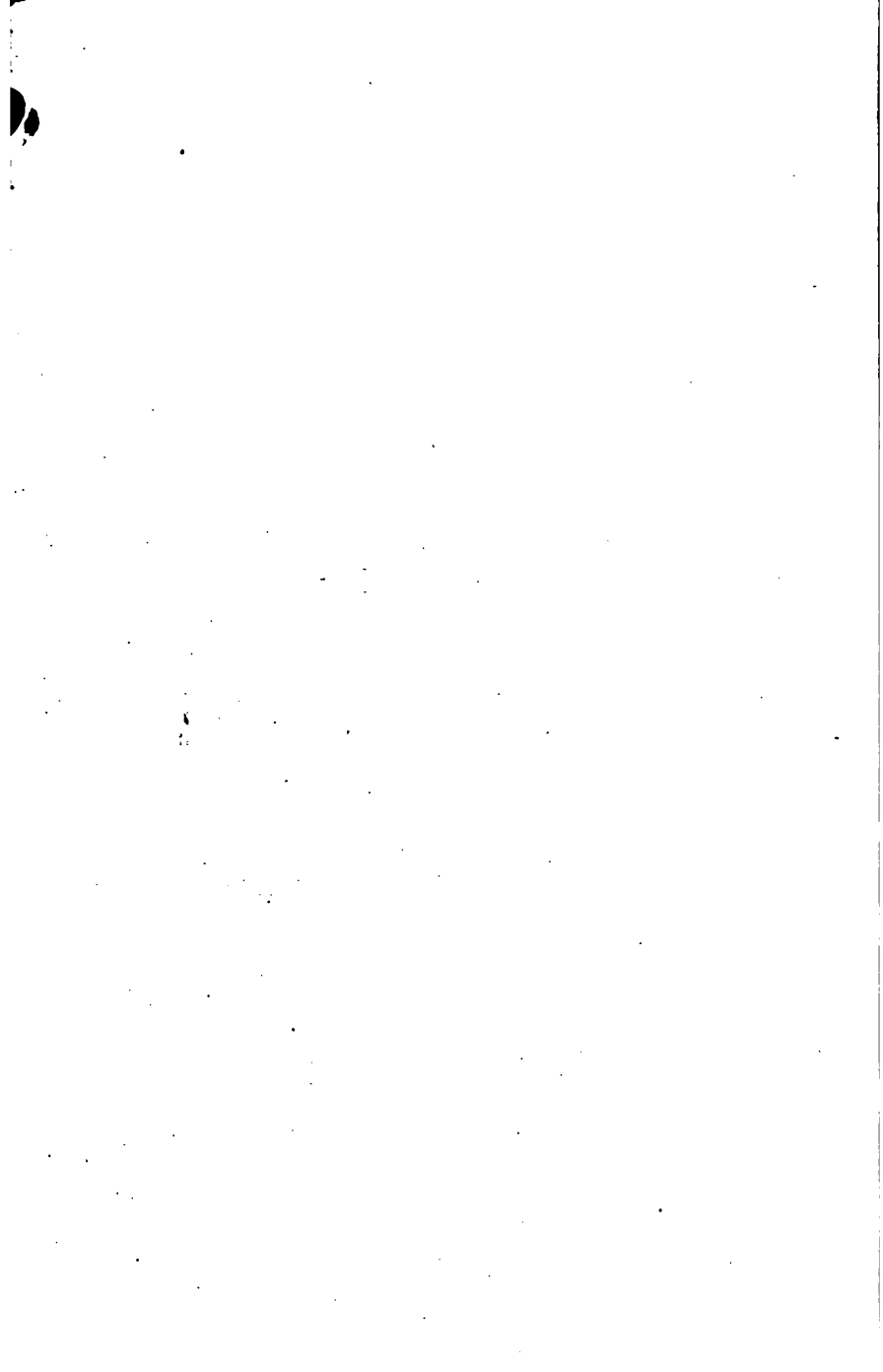
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THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH IN EARLY SCOTLAND.



THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH
IN
EARLY SCOTLAND.

BY
REV. E. C. LEAL.

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P R E F A C E.



MUCH has been done of late years to place the Civil History of our country, for the first 1,000 years of our era, on its true basis. The controversial element is being gradually eliminated, and the main facts, gathered from the most ancient sources, may now be found in various writers. Yet, in most of the histories which deal with that period, there is a great deal that is merely opinion, and must be treated as such. The question as to whether the early inhabitants of this country were of Gothic or of Celtic origin, is really of secondary moment. It is of far greater importance to know what the oldest records say of their coming to this country. If we know that, we can all theorize for ourselves, if we are so inclined. In the Introduction, I have given a brief sketch of what those ancient records say of the earliest inhabitants. If the reader cares to compare it with the results of other antiquarian research, he will find that

they agree in the main. He may hold what opinion he pleases as to the national kindred of the various families of our ancestors, it will not in the slightest degree affect the facts narrated.

That no handy, popular, and, at the same time, trustworthy history of that early time has been given to the public, is not due to the want of material. Sometimes the materials are scanty, yet a clear line of kings can be got from the beginning of the 5th century onward, and often a good deal of information about the times. If one tithe of the labour and research that have been devoted to the histories of Greece and Rome had been given to the early history of our own country, it would now be well known to every Scotchman. And there is in the records of that time, a field of study that would repay labour. For it includes not only the wealth of Celtic lore, but opens up also the doings and the beliefs of the old Scandinavians, which must be acknowledged as a healthier moral field than that of Olympus and its immoral crew.

Two things have confused our history : the conflict with England, and the Ecclesiastical conflicts of the last three centuries and a half—the former affecting the early part, and the latter affecting the whole. The struggle with England is a thing of the past, and the histories born of that time are dead or dying.

But the case is different with Ecclesiastical history. Party spirit, which at first confused it, is living and active, and has its effect both on writers and readers ; so that few beyond those who have made it a subject of special study, have any clear notion of what was in the Church before the 11th or 12th centuries. Readers who have no access to original documents may well be excused if, amid the contradictions of writers, they are uncertain what to believe.

Despairing of finding certainty in any other way, I closed all modern books, and turned to the sources from which alone reliable information could be hoped, namely, the most ancient Chronicles and writings concerning that time. I found there that matters were much clearer than I had anticipated, and although a mass of fable has gathered round the facts, yet the facts are there. The following pages are part of the material which I gathered, at first, solely for my own information, and embrace the first 600 years of our era.

Among the Chronicles, those principally relied on are:—The *Chronica de Origine Antiquorum Pictorum*; the *Annals of Tighernach*; the *Annals of Innisfallen*; the *Annals of Ulster*; the *Chronicon Scotorum* (the oldest of those in its present form seems not before the 10th century, but they refer to older books; their

differences show that they are not mere copies of each other, while their substantial agreement proves their authenticity); the *Annales Cambriae*; the *Saxon Chronicle*. Among writers whose names we know, those principally used are:—The *Confessio* and *Epistola* of St. Patrick (before 470, A.D.); Adamnan's *Life of Columba* (before 700, A.D.); virtually embodying Cumine's *Tract* (before 659, A.D.); Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* (before 755, A.D.); Ailred's *Life of Ninian* (before 1166, A.D.); Joceline's *Life of Kentigern* (before 1190, A.D.). Other references are made in the Text, but those are the chief authorities. In all cases, I have used the best text I could find, and only in the Gaelic and Welsh Chronicles have I trusted to a translation. Except in a few unimportant and well-known matters, and the identification of some of the localities, I have taken nothing at second-hand.

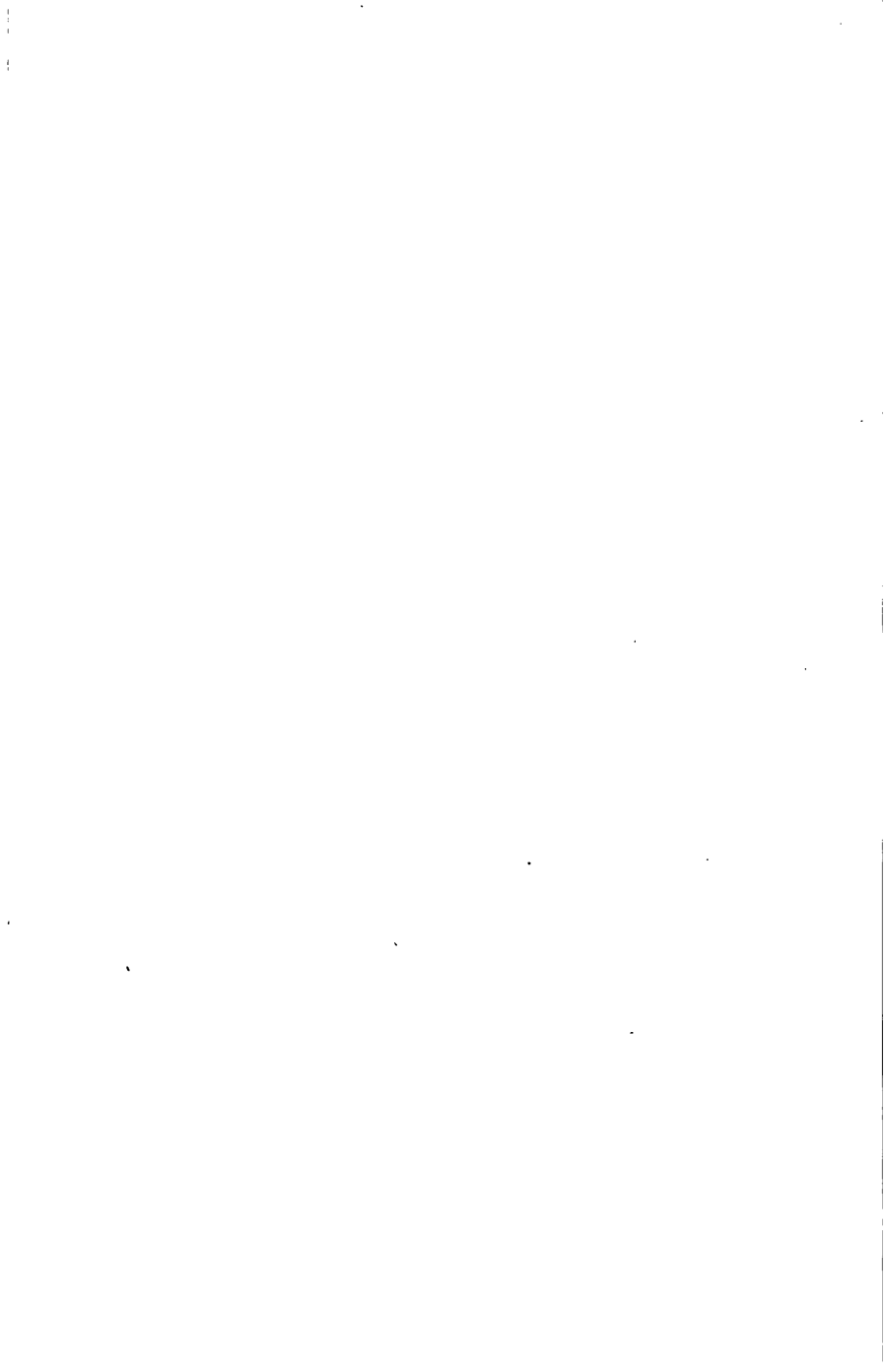
As to dates, there is sometimes a possible error of three years, to which I have called attention. But besides this, in all the dates after the Roman times, there is a still further possible error of a year backward or forward, but this does not affect the relation of the whole, as the moving of one date backward or forward would move the others also. Where there is a difference of the dates in the various Chronicles, I have given that which seemed most probable after

comparison. My main purpose has been to tell of the Christian Faith ; but I considered that my sketch would have been incomplete, had I not put before the reader some narrative of the peoples among whom it came. For the rest, I have sacrificed every other consideration to one, namely, to give a faithful picture of what I found in those documents ; in the case of Iona, giving sufficient material for the reader to form a picture for himself, and to test the accuracy of the summary which I have given in the last chapter.

I ask the reader, whosoever he may be or whatever his party name (if he has one), to remember, that while my personal convictions and opinions are very important to myself, they are of no account as between him and me, so far as this book is concerned. I do not know what party or controversial use I could make of the material here gathered, even if I were willing. If the reader desires to know what was in Early Scotland up to 600, A.D., I have tried to tell him from what record we possess. If he read it as if it were a party thing, he had better not begin.

E. C. L.

ABERDEEN, *October, 1885.*



INTRODUCTION.



THE Phœnicians, or Canaanites, were a trading people from the earliest times. They included the Hittim (or Chittim), the Emorim, the Perizzim, the Hivim, the Jebusim, the Girgashim,—of them were the Tsidonim (Sidonians), and the Tsorim (Tyrians). The Hittite Empire was by far the mightiest among them at, or before the time of Moses. Its dominion, which reached from the Euphrates to Hebron, and probably touched the Mediterranean (Josh. i. 3, 4), seems to have been broken before the Israelites entered Palestine. The power of the Chittim seems to have arisen again, to some extent, in Cyprus. The whole of the Canaanite power was partially broken, and afterwards utterly crushed in Palestine, by the Israelites. But, from the very earliest times, they sent out colonies along the shores of the Mediterranean, and away up as far as Spain. They became a great maritime people. Of their cities, the most famous mistress of the seas was Tyre, which outshone her more ancient neighbour, Sidon. After the glory of Tyre was stripped, Carthage, a

Canaanite colony in Africa, which remembered the ancient name of Canaanites in Augustine's time, became the foremost maritime power. When her deadly struggle with Rome began, she had a population of some 700,000, and ruled over several hundred cities around the Mediterranean. At a very early period, those Canaanites sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, turned their prows northward, and stretched away to Cornwall for tin. We cannot tell when that trade first began. It may have been in existence when Agamemnon was leading the allied hosts against Troy, or even when the Israelites laid waste the land of Midian, and found tin among the spoils.

From the 6th century and onwards, there comes to us definite record of the knowledge of Britain by those Phœnicians, or Canaanites, and also by the Greeks. In course of time, we are able to see two trade routes—one by sea to the Mediterranean, and another overland to Marseilles. During those centuries, various names were given to Britain and Ireland—as the *Iernian Islands*, the *Kassiterides* (or *Tin Islands*); the *Bretanic Islands*; and the names of *Ierne* and *Iris* also appear. Somewhere in the 6th century, B.C.,—at, or about, or shortly after the time when Daniel was in Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar was filling up his long reign, taking Jerusalem, destroying Nineveh, and humbling the pride of Egypt and Tyre,—one Hamilcar, a Carthaginian, sailed from his African home to Britain, and on his return, told of the sacred island where dwelt the Hiberni, the

adjacent island of the Albiones, and the plains of the Britons. In the 4th century, B.C., while Alexander the Great was somewhere about the Ganges, Pytheas, a Greek of Marseilles, who was a considerable explorer in his day, sailed along the shores of Britain, landing and exploring wherever he could, and then stretched away to the north on a six days' voyage to Thule, which he said was near the frozen sea. He mentioned Cantium, of which the name remains in Kent; Belerium, which is Land's End; and Orcas, or Horcas, which was far up in the sea,—some of the headlands about John O' Groats. Beyond question, he had sailed the whole length of Britain, and either to Shetland or, possibly, to Iceland. Somebody had palmed off upon him a story about a region, where it was neither sea nor sky, but a mixture of both with sea-blubber, too thick for human passage. Strabo laughs at him as a fabulist, not believing the earth big enough for his measurements. But Pytheas did not say he saw that region, but only that he saw the sea-blubber,—whatever he meant by that. He calculated from Alexandria, and his measurements, if correct, would bring him to the 70th degree of north latitude, which is hardly credible. If Iceland were his Thule, he is some 5° wrong; if Shetland, 10°; which is perhaps not surprising, considering his appliances. Those old navigators, however, knew more about the northern regions than they get credit for. Hipparchus told of a place where the sun goes back from west to east, shining through whole summer nights, while, at

the winter solstice, he rises only nine cubits above the horizon, and in some places only four, or even only three. There must have been agents and interpreters between those old Carthaginians and Greeks and the Britons, so that their knowledge of each other was probably about equal. We find the reminiscence of this in the oldest Scoto-Irish legends, which are full of Trojan, Egyptian (which may possibly mean Phœnician), Greek, and Iberian, as well as Scythian immigrations; and of descents of African mariners on the coasts of Erin.

The Phœnicians were not only traders, they were also worshippers of Baal. In the far-off time of Nimrod (*i.e.*, "Valiant One"), the grandson of Ham and great-grandson of Noah, men built a tower in Shinar, which was dedicated to Bel. The Hebrews knew it as Babel from Balal,—“to confound,” because “the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth”. But Bab-Bel means also the “Gate of Bel”; and so, from two sources, we have Babel, a word which has become a synonym of confusion (as witness our word “babble”). The worship of Baal, with its counterpart Ashtereth, was the great antagonist of the worship of God,—or rather Baalim and Ashtaroth, plural both,—for there were many special or local designations, as Baal-peor, Baal-berith, Baal-hamon (or Amon), Baal-zebub, &c.; as well as other names to which the “Baal” was not usually added, as Osir, Asherah, and even Milcom, or Molech. It was the persistent snare of the Israelites, who, when they

forsook God, erected to Baal, *Asherim*,—rendered “groves” in our version, which really were pillar-symbols. Baal worship was the diabolic counterfeit of the true. It had in it elements of the strongest fascination, as well as the deepest degradation. It addressed itself to some of the highest spiritual elements in our nature, and approached them in such a way as to open the flood-gates of sensuality. The ideal, the sublime, the beautiful, the awful, and whatever yet remains of best in our nature were all combined and intermingled with what is lowest. By subtle spiritual skill, the seal of religion was set on the whole. Modern scientific philosophy is as yet but a juvenile thing. It has got a set of excellent tools, which are, after all, but finer knives to dissect, or smelting furnaces to fuse, or glasses to look through. It cuts up nature, as one might dissect an animal, to see where and what the life is; and is disappointed because it cannot find it,—disappointed because of the persistence of a non-material relation in material things, the true nature of which no eye can see, and no knife or alembic disclose. Not so those old builders of the “Gate of Bel”. Their knowledge was profound, and reached far beyond the material. But it was a knowledge won in revolt against God. They had entered on a path in which, but for the confusion of language, “nothing would have been restrained of all that they had imagined to do”. They mingled the loftiest truths with the lowest evil. They blotted out the conscience of sin,

and made the facts of their life the means of their own degradation. It was the religion of man as he is. It had fascinations and abominations wherewith to appeal to all classes and conditions of men. It was the worship of an invisible fire, which they called the fountain of life and the subsistence of all things, and of which they saw the symbol and visible expression, in spark and flame. It borrowed the language of the true, and uttered truths with its polluted lips—mingling them with evil. It dared to look with unholy eyes and unregenerate heart on what God had hidden. Sin is sin, be it spiritual, intellectual, or sensual ; but what hope is there when diabolic inspiration makes a religion of sin? He who knows best what it came to among those Canaanites, will best understand how necessary was their national destruction and dispersion, in mercy to the world ; and, also, how impossible it was that the Israelite could be joined with the Canaanite, and yet maintain the worship of the true God.

Baalim and Ashtaroth gave birth to many forms. The population of Olympus was their lineal descendant,—like, and yet very unlike their parentage. The bulls and horned images, the flies, the scarabs, the crux ansata, and other strange symbols, more or less nearly connected with Baalim, became, in the West, either things of the past, or the property of the initiates of the various mysteries. In the East, some of the most marked are objects of reverence in the shrines of heathen temples to-day. The footprints of

Baalim have been left in many lands, in upright stones, in towers, in monuments, and in jewels. Their shadow lingered long, and lingers still, in various brotherhoods, masonic and other, in which men play with rites of which they know neither the meaning nor the origin.

Those Canaanites seem to have left reminiscences and relics of the worship of Baal in this land. The same kind of round towers are found in the far East as are found in Ireland. The upright stones, seemingly the *Asherim* of the Israelites (though theirs were of wood), the symbol of ascending flame, are scattered over our country. There are many "Bels" and "Bals" in our land, just as the Canaanites left those names behind them in Palestine. There is the "Hill of Baal," near Perth, where, tradition says, the Druid fires were kept ever burning. There were the "Beltane fires". Artemidorus tells us, that rites, like those of Ceres and Proserpine in Samothrace, were celebrated here. The name *Druid* does not help us, and as for *Druidism*, it is questionable if there ever was such an "ism". Yet there was a Druid lore, of which even Adamnan learned all that it was lawful to know. And it is worthy of note that he calls the tutor of Bruidi by the Eastern term *Magus*. Baal had been in our land; but, when the Christian faith reached Ireland and Pictland, whatever had been received from the East seems to have passed into a contemplative nature worship, little removed from poetic fancy. The nature worship in Pictland offered no forcible resist-

ance to the faith, and there is no record of any violence done to Christian missionaries. The conversion of the Kingdom was so rapid, as to make it probable that the field was all but vacant.

The first Roman who looked on the Britons, and wrote what he saw, was Julius Cæsar. In his fightings in France, his enemies received help from Britain. In B.C. 55, he determined to go across and put a stop to that. He was fiercely opposed, but he effected a landing at Deal. This was but a flying visit, however. Next year he returned and made a deeper impression, going further inland. This also was but a flying visit, and he left what turned out to be a difficult task, in order to attend to more important affairs in Italy. For nearly a century after Cæsar's departure, the Romans did not return. But Strabo says that some of the British princes sent embassies to Rome, gained the friendship of Cæsar Augustus, and dedicated their offerings in the Capitol. A system of duties on trade with France was arranged, and all the southern part of Britain was on a footing little short of intimate friendship with the Romans.

From Cæsar and Tacitus we get some glimpses of the people who dwelt in Britain in that old time. Cæsar had many interviews with them. He says that the people on the coast were like the Belgæ, and were called by Belgic tribal names. He says, elsewhere, that the Belgæ differed in language, institutions, and laws from those other inhabitants of Gaul,

whom the Romans called Galli, but who called themselves Celtæ. The inhabitants further inland, Cæsar thought, were indigenous. The most important matter here is, the fact of a difference between the inhabitants of the coast and those further inland. What was the national kindred of the Belgæ, is a debated question, which it boots us little here to discuss. Whatever Cæsar's Belgæ and Celtæ may have been, the fact stands out clearly enough, that those whom Cæsar met in Kent were not Celtæ.

Tacitus wrote more than 130 years after Cæsar's landing. Either he had been in Britain and wrote of what he saw, or he got his information from Agricola, who was his father-in-law. In either case, we have the opinion of an experienced man. Agricola spent a great part of his military life in Britain, and was governor of the province for at least six years. Tacitus had been procurator in Germany. He says it is difficult to determine who were indigenous and who were immigrants, but he gives his deductions from their appearance. He thought that the Silures, in Cornwall, came from Spain, and were Iberian; that those nearest Gaul (*i.e.*, Belgic Gaul) came from that country, thus confirming Cæsar's opinion; and that the ruddy hair and large limbs of the Caledonians indicated Germanic origin. It is not safe for men, who are removed by 1800 years or more from that time, to contradict or correct the opinions of those who wrote or spoke of what they saw, and who

were such competent judges as Cæsar, Agricola, and Tacitus.

When we turn from Roman writers to native records, we find, first, fable ; after that, we find a very indistinct record of a much earlier time than Cæsar's landing. It has been customary to regard all those earlier traditions as mythical, but the most careful perusal seems to show the dim outlines of a real picture. The oldest traditional records speak of two forced migrations from Erin into Alban. A race, called the sons of Nemidh, dwelt in Erin. They were repeatedly attacked by the Fomhoraicc, who were called sea-robbers from Africa ; in whom we probably see the Carthaginian mariners. After varying fortunes of war, the Nemidians were vanquished by those Africans, and were reduced to slavery. Then they emigrated from Erin. Part went to Scandinavia ; part to Alban, where they remained ; and part to Greece, where the Greeks set them to mining and agricultural work. Those who went there tired of their servitude, and returned to Erin under the name of Firbolg. In course of time they grew to great power.

As their going to Greece seems out of the question, we may suggest Cornwall instead. There was certainly Greek influence in Cornwall. There were plentiful mining operations there, and perhaps even the actual presence of Greeks.

Then a tribe, called the Tuatha de Danaan, said to be the descendants of those sons of Nemidh who

went to Scandinavia, came back to Erin and overthrew those Firbolg, who found refuge in Rachrin, Isla, Arran, and the Western Isles. This is the dim outline of the coming into Alban of two kindred peoples, who were not of the Gaedhel, or Scots proper. There are some very uncertain traces of connection between the Firbolg and that race of swarthy complexion and curled hair, which Tacitus describes in Cornwall, and which he guessed to be Iberian. Thereafter the Gaedhel, or Scots proper, came into Erin ; but of their migration into Alban we know something more. Who the Scots were, and what their language then was, is a matter that would seem to be altogether unknown. The most that any one can do, so far as yet appears, is to guess. Perhaps their language when they came was not Gaelic. They may have got to speak the language of those among whom they came, at the same time giving their own name to it.

The next race that appears in Alban is the Picts. With them the matter becomes a little clearer. Though the origin of this race has been a disputed question for a long time, yet such records as we have show a fair amount of consistency as to the quarter whence they came to this country. The apparent differences arise from the division of the Picts into two great branches,—one going into Alban, and the other into Erin. Those of Erin, again, sent off a mixed offshoot into Gallo-way. The events pertaining to those separate branches seem to have been mixed up. The

main facts, as given in old records, appear to be as follows:—

Not later than the 4th century, B.C.,—perhaps long before it,—*Gleoin*, son of *Ercol*, came to the Orkney Islands from Scandinavia, that country which, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, poured forth such swarms of daring men over the Western Roman Empire, and gave it new dynasties. Afterwards, the descendants of *Gleoin* and his company appear under one *Cruithne*, the son of *Cinge*, or *Cing*, or *Kinne*, which may be but another way of saying that he was the son of the *Kinne*, *Kin*, or *King*, or head of the family or tribe. *Cruithne*, or a part of the people named from him, came down from Orkney and conquered the *Nemidians* in all the northern lowlands of *Alban*. But it is expressly said that they did not drive out the people whom they conquered. The conclusion, therefore, is clear that they became intermingled with them. That intermingling, we may also conclude, would afterwards show a predominant *Cruithnean* or *Nemidean* character, in proportion to the proximity or distance from the shores. The land was divided among the seven sons of *Cruithne*, or among seven tribes named from them: *Cait*, *Ce*, *Circinn* (or *Cirig*), *Fib*, *Fidach*, *Fotla* (or *Floclaid*), and *Fortrenn*. *Cait* gave name to the region now known as *Caithness*, probably including *Sutherland*; *Circinn*, to the *Mearns* (*Magh Cirghin*, “the plain of *Circinn*”); *Fotla*, to *Athole* (*Athfotla*); *Fib*, to *Fife*; *Fortrenn*, to the region between the *Rivers Forth* and

Tay. The name Fidach remains in Glenfiddich, in Braemar, and may have included Buchan; while Ce (*Cay, Kay*), probably included the rest of the northern lowlands up to Sutherland.

A part of the same race is said to have gone to France, and founded the city of Pictavis (Poitiers), and then to have come to Erin. There they rose to great power, and gave seven kings in Tara, until their power was broken by the Gaedhel, or Scots. Whether they went to France, or not, we do not even guess; but it is certain that they came to Erin. They were there, a kingdom in Ulster, far into historic times. A part of them came across into Galloway, and, having intermarried with the Scots, became a mixed race, known to the Welsh as *Gwydyl Ffichteit*, to the Scots, as *Gaedhel Fichti*, and to the Latin chronicles, as *Scotti-Picti*; i.e., Scottish or Gaelic Picts,—a designation which could have had no meaning, if there had not been other Picts who were not Gaelic. They retained the name long after it had been dropped everywhere else, and appear as Picts at the Battle of the Standard, in 1138; they were also known as “the wild Scots of Galloway”.

From Cruithne, the Scots called the Picts *Cruithneach*. But the chief difficulty is to determine what the Picts called themselves. The Saxons called them *Pihtar*. The later Scotch called them *Pechts*, and the Pentland Hills and Pentland Firth seem to have grown to that from Pehtland (with the “h” guttural). The Romans at first called them Caledonians. But,

afterwards, they began to distinguish two great tribes, whom they called *Deucaledones* and *Vecturiones*,—both being included under the name of Picts, which first appears about 200 years after the Battle of Mons Granpius. P, B, V, and F easily get interchanged in pronunciation, especially of foreign words. If we compare the Gaelic *Fichti*, the Welsh *Ffichteit*, the later Scotch *Pecht*, the Saxon *Pihtar*, and the Roman *Vecturiones*, it seems probable that, in the *Vectur*, we have a nearer approach to the native name, than in Pict. The Romans took to representing those Pechts as painted savages, hiding in morasses. But the narrative of Tacitus, the wall on the border, and the rampart of Lollius Urbicus, are all against that. When Agricola met them, there was no word of naked painted men; but they were well armed, in compact order, and had chariots, and could use them.

When Agricola was appointed Governor of Roman Britain, the inhabitants of what is now Scotland appear to have been distributed somehow thus:—

In the Western Islands, and perhaps also on part of the mainland, were the Firbolg. In the lowlands of the north and east down to the Forth, were the Picts. Sandwiched between the Picts and the Firbolg, and mingled with the former, or with both, were the Nemidians; but we cannot tell how far the intermingling had gone. South of the Clyde were Britons of Welsh kindred. It is uncertain when the Scotti-Picti came into Galloway. It is also uncertain what was the national kindred of the inhabitants

south of the Forth before the Saxons came. It has been concluded from the scarcity of Welsh words in the Saxon language that the Saxons obliterated the native population in the East of South Britain. But this is reasoning in a circle. It is well to be warned here against a notion that seems to be current. It seems to be assumed that, whenever old chronicles speak of a people being driven out, it is meant that every man, woman, and child was literally expelled. Now, warriors and rulers may be driven out, but it is quite a different matter to drive out a people. We should be chary as to how we receive statements about a literal expulsion of one people by another, whether Briton, Scot, Pict, or Saxon. We shall be nearer the truth, if we seek it in the direction of one people absorbing, or being absorbed by another,—the language being ultimately shaped by the majority, whether they be the conquerors or the conquered. We are safe to conclude that whatever races were in Britain in that old time, or came into it afterwards, their blood is in the nation still.

In the year 43, A.D., while the disciples were being first called Christians in Antioch, and a famine was coming on all the world, and the brethren in Antioch were sending relief to those in Judea, by the hands of Barnabas and Saul, Claudius was invading Britain. While Paul and Barnabas were beginning their great work of carrying the Gospel among the Gentiles, Caractacus, a British prince or king in Cornwall, was

fighting for his country, only to be defeated and taken prisoner to Rome. In the year 78, A.D., eight years after the destruction of Jerusalem, Agricola was sent as governor of the Roman province in Britain. He proceeded to establish order among the conquered tribes, and to subdue those who were still independent. The Britons, however heterogeneous they may have been as to nationalities, all offered the most determined resistance. In 79, A.D., Agricola had reached the country about the Solway. In 80, A.D., he discovered "new nations" further north, and extended his ravages, though not his conquests, to the Tay. He erected fortified posts, here and there, to secure his return. He spent the summer of 81 A.D., however, in securing the country up to the Firths of Forth and Clyde.

In 82, A.D., he crossed the Firth of Clyde, and had some fighting there with tribes, till then unknown to him. He had also somehow got into his hands a chief, or king from Erin, and had stationed troops at a convenient place for the invasion of that country, —a purpose which he was destined never to carry out.

In 83, A.D., he began his northward advance in earnest. He transported his army across the Forth, and marched through Fife, keeping his fleet alongside of his army, and making it explore the harbours. He was so harassed by the Caledonians that marching became unsafe, his troops were discouraged, and his officers advised him to return. Fearing lest he

should be surrounded, he divided his army into three parts. The Caledonians, seeing this, changed their tactics, and made a fierce onslaught by night, on the 9th legion; slaying the sentinels, and bursting through the entrenchments into the camp. But the scouts of Agricola had seen the movements of the Caledonians, and he was already advancing with the swiftest of the horse, followed by the infantry. The Romans, who had been hard pressed, took courage at the sight of their friends, and the Caledonians, taken between two forces, fled to the woods. This indecisive engagement encouraged both parties, and both prepared for the final struggle.

A whole year passed before it came. Agricola increased his forces, armed the bravest of the Southern Britons, and advanced with a large army, consisting of the legions, and of continental and British auxiliaries. He ravaged the coasts with his fleet. He advanced northward beyond the Tay, till he came to the *Hill Granpius*. This hill seems to have been near to Blairgowrie, and, many centuries afterwards, its name was given to the "Grampian Mountains," formerly called the *Mounth*. There he found the Caledonian army drawn up in compact order, the first line just on the level, and the others on the slope behind, while their chariots were careering on the level ground. Their numbers are given as 30,000, while more were coming in. Tacitus avoids giving the numbers of the Romans. Agricola arranged 8,000 auxiliaries in the first line, with 3,000

horse; the Roman *equites*, who were the flower of the army, on the wings. He placed the legions (how many is not said) behind, and behind all was the camp. The battle began with missiles. Then three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts advanced to close quarters. In close grappling, the short sharp-pointed swords of the Romans gave them great advantage over the long swords and targets of the Caledonians. The whole Roman line advanced, and the Caledonians began to give way. But, meanwhile, on the wings, it fared badly with the Roman horse. They fled at the first charge of the charioteers, who, sweeping round, dashed in among the Roman infantry. But the cohorts closed their ranks, and refused to give way. For a short time the charioteers kept their ground, but the horses became ungovernable, and soon straggling chariots and affrighted horses were galloping in every direction through the lines.

The Caledonian reserve now advanced. But Agricola sent four reserve squadrons of horse, which drove them back, and then wheeled round on the rear of the Caledonians, who thereupon took to flight, suffering great loss. But, at the wood, they rallied, and surrounded the foremost of their pursuers, and renewed the battle. Agricola sent some strong and lightly-equipped cohorts to the help of his men; whereupon the Caledonians, seeing their pursuers also rallied, took to flight, dispersing themselves for safety. Tacitus says there were 10,000 of Caledonians slain, while the Roman loss was 360,—numbers that

seem disproportionate to the stubbornness of the fight.

Next day, a vast silence all around, desolate hills, the distant smoke of burning houses, and not a living soul descried by the scouts, displayed more amply the face of victory. From the lateness of the season, it was impracticable to spread war through the country, and Agricola returned through Fife, "marching slowly," says his biographer, to inspire awe. All which, being rendered into other words, means that Agricola, though victorious, had met a severe check, and took neither prisoners nor hostages at Mons Granpius. He did not care to venture among the hills after a people who had given him such sharp proof of their mettle. Such was the only recorded battle between the Picts and the Romans within Pictish territory.

The Pictish leader was *Galgacus*, or *Calgacus*. Tacitus speaks of a great confederacy among the Caledonians, in order to resist the Romans. In the oldest part of the chronicles of the Picts, we read of one *Gilgidi* or *Gud*. Of him it is said, "Alban was without a king all that time, till the period of Gud (*i.e.*, *Gilgidi*), the first king that possessed all Alban, by consent or by force". The *Gilgidi*, or *Gud*, of the chronicles may be the *Galgacus*, or *Calgacus*, of Tacitus.

Agricola had made a line of fortified posts between the Firths of Forth and Clyde; but the Romans did not continue to hold them. In or about 120, A.D.,

Hadrian built a wall from the Solway to the Tyne. In this wall, from first to last, several seem to have had a hand, building and re-building it. It was a massive structure of large blocks of stone, well hewn and carefully jointed, presenting, with its ditch, a perpendicular face of some 30 feet. At the distance of every Roman mile, or thereabout, a tower was built, and behind the wall were two lines of earth-works. The impress of the whole is left to this day on the face of the earth. The line of Agricola's forts from the Forth to the Clyde, was again occupied by the Romans in 140, A.D., when Lollius Urbicus built a turf and stone rampart across the country there. He was no doubt famous enough in his day, and we can see him clearly enough at work there. He left his sign manual, in the shape of a stone, which has been found there, on which is inscribed the fact that he and his legions built that rampart. But otherwise he is silent enough to us now.

In 200, A.D., Severus resolved to subdue his troublesome Caledonian neighbours. He set out on an expedition northward, passed beyond the Tay, and reached, perhaps, as far as Buchan. The inhabitants, wiser perhaps by the experience of their fathers at Mons Granpius and elsewhere, seem to have let him march on. No battle is recorded, but they seem to have left him without supplies. However it came about, he is said to have lost 50,000 men in that march, and got nothing but his excursion for his pains. He went back to York and died there.

A practical joker created a province of "Vespasiana," north of the Tay, which held its place in history until recently,—a foolish practical joke, which was the opposite of creditable to him who perpetrated it. The only Roman province in what is now Scotland, was *Valentia*, comprising the country between the wall of Hadrian and the rampart of Lollius Urbicus.

THE
CHRISTIAN FAITH IN EARLY SCOTLAND.



CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS—NINIAN—PATRICK.



OF the Christian faith in Britain for the first 300 years of our era, we know almost nothing certain, beyond the fact that it was brought there very early.

Tertullian says, that at the close of the second century, the Gospel had been preached in Britain beyond where the Roman arms had penetrated. And there is no reason to doubt this. Christianity spread widely among the Roman armies. Some of the probable ways in which it spread are known to us, although they are often ignored or forgotten. Roman officers and soldiers witnessed the crucifixion of our Lord. Roman soldiers had the fact of the Resurrection very deeply impressed upon them. However the Jewish rulers might try to suppress it, that story would be told in course of time through the Roman armies. Again, Paul was at least four years, and perhaps more, in the keeping of Roman soldiers, besides sailing with a centurion and his company to Rome. By the change of guards during his long imprisonment, he must have come into close contact

with a great number of Roman soldiers, and we can hardly suppose him silent all that time. In Britain and in Palestine there were more soldiers in proportion than in other parts, for those were among the most troublesome possessions of the Empire. In those directions we see some of the many channels by which the knowledge of the Gospel was spread among, and probably spread by, Roman soldiers.

There appears no sufficient proof that Paul ever was in Britain. But Christian missionaries came. The Saxon chronicle notes the death of Alban the Martyr, in 286, A.D. Bede tells it with a fulness of detail that has thrown suspicion on the narrative. But who, that has read Bede, can doubt his honesty in telling exactly what he had been told, or had read. Wherever a matter is carried by tradition, details may become doubtful, or even incredible, but the fact is generally there somehow or other. And there is no reasonable doubt that one, known as Alban, was put to death in Britain on account of his faith.

There were Bishops in Britain from a very early time. But what shall we say of the lists of British Bishops from Trophimus, or even from Paul, downward to the present Archbishop of Canterbury. They are but the creations of fancy. Surely honesty is the first requisite in a historian. That a man who writes of past times, shall set down as fact what he finds in trustworthy records, and no more, is the primal necessity. If he conjectures, or guesses, or theorizes, let him at least tabulate his speculations, that we may

know them for what they are. The most painstaking may blunder by ignorance, by mere over-sight, by taking erroneous data, or by mistaking the meaning of facts. As we did not live in those old times, the only means we have of knowing what was done, is the writing or telling of those who lived then, in whatever credible shape it has come to us. But when conjectures are given as facts, and fabrications take the place of true narrative, it goes far to make men doubt even that which is well authenticated. There were three British Bishops at a Council at Arles, in 314. There must have been Bishops in Britain before them, or they could not have been there. If there be authentic evidence as to who their predecessors were, or whence and when they came to Britain, we should be glad to find it, but have hitherto failed.

In 306, A.D., Constantine, the Great, went from Britain on that world-famous career, which led him to the position of master of the Roman world. From that time, Roman Britain was openly Christian, as far as that could be said of the rest of the Roman Empire. But evidently the Christian faith was in it long before that time.

In 360, A.D., there was a fierce invasion of Roman Britain, by a people that then, for the first time, appears in Roman history,—the Scots from Erin. Theodosius,—General, not Emperor, though father of the Emperor of that name, drove them back, and called the district, from the wall of Hadrian to the

rampart of Lollius Urbicus, by the name of Valentia. It is by no means clear, however, that the invaders were driven back to Erin. We learn that at some indefinite period, which is called long before the end of the 5th century, the Scots had begun to dwell in the western part of the region north of the Firth of Clyde, and that they dwelt there a long time without a king. Let it here be noted and remembered that Erin, or Ireland, was then called *Scotia*, and it was 600 years after this first mention of the Scots, before the name *Scotia* began to be applied to the present Scotland, and even then for a long time under protest. Every time the word *Scotia* is used before the middle of the 10th century, it means Ireland. The present Scotland was then called Alban. If this be remembered, it will save considerable confusion.

In or about the year of this fierce invasion by the Scots of Erin (360, A.D.), a boy was born in Valentia who was called Ninian. His father was a British prince, or chief, and was a Christian. Ailred of Rievaulx says: "He was of such faith in God, and of such merit, as to be counted worthy of such offspring, by whom the things that were wanting to the faith of his nation might be supplied; and a nation of another race, which had not known the sacraments of faith, might be imbued with the mysteries of holy religion". Ninian was baptized in infancy, and grew up a reverent boy, reticent in speech, diligent in reading, pleasing in manners, exercising his mind in the Holy Scriptures. He saw, as he grew up, that much was

wanting in the Christianity of his countrymen. And so, "spurning riches and treading down desires," this high-born young man gave himself up to the service of God. He left his home, and went to the capital of the Roman Empire to be taught. That was an easy journey in those days, even for the pedestrian,—easier and safer than at any after time until quite recently. Ninian would need but to take his staff and wallet, and he would find the central Roman highway open to him right south to London, and then on to the shore. Crossing into Gaul, he would find the road leading direct to Rome,—and such roads, the like of them not seen before or since in Europe, going straight as an arrow over hill and dale, made solid and smooth as a pavement, so that, for chariot or pedestrian, they offered the smoothest surface for locomotion. Ninian entered Rome by the Gallican Alps, arriving probably in the time when Damasus was Pope (*i.e.*, say about 385, A.D.),—Damasus, of grateful memory for the care he bestowed on the burial-places of the faithful dead, who had fallen as martyrs in the evil times before the peace of Constantine. After residence, and tuition, and service there, he was consecrated to the episcopate in 397, A.D., and sent back to his native land. On his way home he turned westward to Tours, that he might visit Martin, the Bishop there. Ailred revels in imagining the meeting. "The pillars in the Tabernacle of God," says he, "are joined one to the other, and the two Cherubin, expanding their wings,

touch each other ; and now, borne up with wings of might, they soar to God ; now standing and letting down their wings, they become edifying to one another." Taking farewell of Martin, Ninian went on his way, and reached his Valentian home that same year. He chose the north side of the Solway Firth, at the entering of Wigton Bay, and there he built a church and monastery. He had some workmen from Tours to help him. The church was, seemingly, the first stone church in that part of Britain, and was built in some way that was unusual among the Britons. It was of the whitest stone the land afforded, and they called it *Candida Casa*, the *White House*, and the promontory near it they called *Candidum Cornu*, the *White Horn*, whence afterwards the name *Witerna*, *Whitherne*, *Whithorn*.

He had just begun to build when he heard of the death of Martin of Tours his friend,—Martin, "whom he always regarded with wonderful affection". Memory of their meeting so short time ago,—meeting never now to be repeated on earth,—must have risen keen and sharp. He would commemorate his friend by giving his name to the house he was building. So he dedicated the White House in Martin's name, and *Saint Martin* became the patron of the *White House*.

For nearly 300 years had Roman sentries paced the wall of Hadrian, and their nightly calls of "All's well," or whatever answered to that in their military parlance, had been heard on the border. For all

that time had Roman feet worn those thresholds, which remain to this day, witnessing to a force that dwelt long in this our land; although in the multitude of recent forces, that old and strong one is almost forgotten. And for two centuries and a half had the Romans garrisoned, with less continuous occupation, the rampart of Lollius Urbicus between the Forth and the Clyde. They had looked up to the Campsie Hills, and across the carse of the Forth, to the mountains that rose pile on pile beyond, knowing well that those mountains held a people who were like hounds on leash, or like their mountain eagle, ready to swoop down whenever the chance should come. That people had burned their houses rather than give them to the Romans.

But now, while Ninian was building his White House by the quiet Solway Firth, the Roman grasp on Britain was loosening, and the Picts and Scots were hanging on the skirts of the Roman provinces in Britain. When Honorius was emperor, those foes became most troublesome. Irrepressible they were, destined never to be repressed by Rome or by any other power. There was a fierce inroad (or inroads) of Picts and Scots in the earliest years of the 5th century. In that raid, the Scots must have come dangerously near the White House,—a flood more dangerous than the Solway. Stilicho, with some Roman legions, drove them out, and that was the last help that the Romans gave to their British provinces. The sack of Rome by the Goths ended the Roman

sway in Britain. The Saxon chronicle tells us that after 409, A.D., the Romans never ruled in Britain, and that in 418, A.D., they collected all their treasures, and hid some, and carried the rest to Gaul.

The Romans had civilized the Britons during their long tenure, and the Britons had learned well all the arts of civilization. For nearly ten years from 286, Britain had been an independent empire, under Carausius and his successor Allectus. From it Constantine had gone forth on that memorable journey, when he saw the visioned cross and the words, "In this sign thou shalt conquer". One Maximus, too, near the end of the 4th century, was proclaimed emperor in Britain, and nearly won the supreme power of the empire. Another Constantine, also, was shortly afterwards proclaimed emperor, and passed over into Gaul, and, after a struggle in which he seemed not unlikely to succeed, was killed at Arles. Britain was one of the wealthiest and strongest of the Roman provinces. Three centuries and a half form a long period in a nation's history,—as long as from the time of James V. of Scotland to the present day. But Maximus and Constantine, in their mad wrestlings for empire, had drained the country of its warlike strength. And when the Romans left Britain, though it was both Christian and civilized, it had become degenerate both in its faith and in its valour.

When the Roman power was loosening, another people began to appear with increasing strength in the eastern shores. We cannot determine when the

incursions of the Saxons first began. They were so troublesome to the Romans by their swift and daring expeditions, that an official was appointed called the "Count of the Saxon shore". As far back as 286, Carausius had been appointed to defend the shores against them, and he took advantage of his position to raise for himself an independent monarchy. They found Britain a pleasanter land than their own Engeln and Jutland; and the departure of the Romans was the signal for their looking more closely at this fertile country.

With the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons hanging upon them, the Britains appealed to Rome for help. They wrote a letter to Ætius, the consul, the words of which have come down to us: "The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea drives us back again to the barbarians; herein arise two kinds of death: either we are slaughtered or we are drowned". But Rome could give no help, for her own troubles were coming thick and fast. Some of the boldest of the Britons turned on their enemies and defeated them; but their success was short-lived. One Cunedda gathered some strength, and, about 409, A.D., retreated from the Carse of the Forth to the Border—to the south of which he managed to establish himself and his family. We shall meet his descendants in Wales in the fourth generation. But success was only partial and very short-lived. The Picts and Scots returned, and soon were over the wall of Hadrian and ravaging far into the southern province. It was then that the Britons

made friends with the Jutes under Hengst and Horsa, and tried to pit their enemies against each other. The Jutes attacked the Picts and defeated them. But, having tried the mettle of the warlike Picts, they found it better to have them for allies than the feeble Britons. And so both Pict and Saxon turned on the unwarlike holders of a fertile land.

The Saxon Chronicle gives 449, A.D., as the date of the compact made by the Britons with Hengst and Horsa. Those men claimed descent from Woden. Vortigern is given as the name of the British leader or king who invited them. We need not stop to discuss the questions connected with that alliance. The Saxons had been making themselves felt in Britain long before that time.

There has been a great deal of romancing on the subject of the coming of the Saxons—even modern historians are far from being delivered from it. They have given descriptions that could only have been given by eye-witnesses, and with circumstances that are impossible; as, for instance, the Jutes being cooped up in the Isle of Thanet, and yet defeating the Picts in pitched battle on the mainland. The number of the Saxons who came seems to be generally over-estimated. When we examine such old narratives as we have, we find that Hengst came to the Isle of Thanet with three ships; then he sent for reinforcements, which came in 16 ships along with his daughter; Octa and Ebissa came with 40 ships; Ida with 10. There seems to be a fashion to try to prove

the three Saxon peoples unmingled with the native Britons, and so it is held that they absolutely drove the Britons out. One favourite argument is the absence of Welsh words in the Saxon tongue. But was Welsh the language of the east of Briton? To assume it is to beg the question. The inhabitants of Kent in Cæsar's time were different from those further inland. It is quite possible that the inhabitants of the whole of the east coast were of the Saxon kindred of 300 or 400 years before. May not the very absence of Welsh words be a proof of this? In the absence of satisfactory evidence, it is unsafe to assume anything. Pinkerton believes that the number of Saxons who came to Britain from first to last was not more than 100,000. Let those who think the driving out of a population easy study the history of Israel and the Canaanites.

During the first half of this century there arose in Pictland a king, who looms indistinct yet very real through the mist of that troublous time, Drust I., whom we may distinguish as Drust the Great. It is with him that the legendary part of the Pictish Chronicle ends and historical record begins. He was the son of one Erp or Erip, and began to reign in 413, A.D. The legendary Chronicles say that he lived (or reigned) 100 years and fought 100 battles, which is their hyperbolical mode of expressing a long and warlike reign. We may believe the hundred battles, but not the length of his reign. In one place his death is given in 445, A.D., and in another in 458.

There are, however, other means of determining it. If we look forward through the Chronicles till the time when reliable dates are given and count the length of reign assigned to his successors, we get the date of his death with a possible error of three years. He reigned from 413 to 450 or 453, A.D. He was king of Picts in Alban just after the Romans had ceased to rule in Britain. In his "hundred battles," his principal enemies would be the Roman Britons. He was king when the Picts were breaking through the Roman barriers, and also when they encountered the fierce might of the Saxons. If the date of the Picto-Saxon alliance be correct, then it was made with Drust I. He was at the head of the most powerful nation then in Britain, compared with which all the Saxons at that time in Britain were but a handful. The defeat of the Picts by the Saxons must have taken place as far south as London. It is said the Saxons also fought the Picts in the Orkneys ; but, however that may be, we shall see that the Orkneys remained for centuries after this under the dominion of the Picts. Drust is the first Pictish king that looks out on us with real lineaments after Galgacus or Calgacus (who was, perhaps, Gilgidi), on whom and on whose Caledonians Tacitus sheds such a brilliant momentary light. There was no pen to chronicle the deeds of Drust of the hundred fights, and he passes from us again into obscurity. But from his time we know at least the names, the dates, and the length of the reigns of the Pictish kings, with a possible error of only about three years for the rest of

that century, after which the record becomes clearer and fuller.

During the first part of this stormy time, Ninian went on with his peaceful work. The reader can imagine what scrambles and blows and bloody work were going on around him. Ninian's was no life of self-indulgence. Ailred of Rievaulx wails over the laxity of his own time in comparison. "Thinking of the most holy life of this most holy man, I am ashamed of our foolishness ; I am ashamed of the laziness of this wretched generation. . . . Mouths which divine grace hath consecrated for praising God, (and) for celebrating the divine mysteries, are daily polluted with backbiting and secular talk. And they weary of the Psalms of God, of the Gospel, and of the Prophets ; all the day they run after the vain and base works of men." Human nature has always been the same—backbiting, slander, silly talk preferred to those old Psalms—the same temptations and sins in the 19th century as in Rievaulx in the 12th. Ninian chose a safe place for the White House, that it might become a home and a school. This it became, and a famous one too, educating among others Finnian of Moville, one of the teachers of Columba. But when that was done, he went through all Valentia preaching and teaching. "Having purged the minds of the faithful from all error," says Ailred, "he began to lay in them the foundations of sincere faith."

Then he passed beyond the Roman rampart of Lollius Urbicus and up among the enemies of his

countrymen, and preached to them the faith of Christ. And men heard and believed; and it is said that all the southern Pictish land up to the Tay was converted to Christ. But the letter of Patrick shows that the conversion was neither very wide nor very deep. When all this work was done, he returned to the White House by the Solway Firth, and there he died in the year 432, A.D.—so say what scraps of information we can gather—the 16th of September being observed as the day of his death. “He was buried in the Church of the blessed Martin, which he himself built from the foundations, and was laid in a stone coffin near the altar.” “Then,” says Ailred, “to thee the wintry storm that disturbs all these earthly things, which hardens the cold hearts of mortals by intruding vices, in which neither does truth fully shine nor love burn, has passed away, and that holy soul has escaped the showers of temptation and the hailstorms of persecution.” The loving memory of those who were taught or ruled by him called him *Saint Ninian*. Many churches in Scotland were dedicated in his name, which was popularly changed into St. Ringan. In the parish of Glasserton on the Galloway coast is a cave reached by climbing the rocks, where tradition says he used to retire to pray.

Beautiful truly is the scene—only a few touches in Ailred that are worth anything, and all the rest grown so dim. Yet we can see the white walls standing visible from afar. We can see Ninian climbing the rocks to his solitary rock-chamber to look afar over

sea and sky, and pray alone to the God of heaven and earth ; and we can hear the mellowed tone of the convent bell speaking over the waters in tempest and in calm through the centuries in which Ninian's White House remained a light in a darkening land.

Some ten years before Ninian began to build his White House, there was born in a village called Bannavem of Tabernia a boy who was called Patricius. His father was a presbyter called Calpornius, and his grandfather was a Roman decurio and also a deacon, and his name was Potitus. His father had a small farm. It was said that Martin of Tours was his uncle. When he was 16 years of age, he was taken captive in one of the Scottish invasions, and was brought with many others to Erin. The boy of 16 was deeply impressed with the belief that those raids of the Scots were in chastisement of the unfaithfulness of the British Christians. He was a pupil of the White House. His capture by the Scots may be taken as additional evidence that his native place was in the north of Roman Britain. Yet there were raids of Scots and even conquests of Scots in Wales.

After six years of captivity he escaped in a ship, but only to be taken again. After a very brief second captivity, he returned to his home about the time when the Goths were sacking Rome. His parents died, and he was left alone in the world. He had a vision which led him to go back to Erin. He says :—"I saw in a vision of the night, a man

coming as if from Hyberio—Victricius, by name—with very many letters. And he gave me one of them, and I at once read the heading of the letter: ‘The Voice of the Hyberionæ’. And while I was reading the beginning of the letter, I thought at the same instant that I heard the voice of those who were beside the wood of Foclut, which is near the Western Sea; and thus they cried aloud, as with one voice: ‘We ask thee, holy youth; come and still walk among us’. And I was greatly pricked in heart, and I could not read further, and so I awoke.” At the age of 25 years he was ordained a priest, and went to Erin and laboured with very little success for 20 years.

It is difficult for us to determine the exact condition of the Scots of Erin at that time. It would be absurd to suppose that no Christian missionaries had reached them. They had also many British captives among them. But they were still a heathen nation. As to their condition otherwise, after-results would indicate some degree of advancement and the possible or rather probable knowledge of letters. One hint crops up in connection with another matter. A Briton—Morgan by name—went to Rome about 400, A.D., drank deeply of the teaching of Origen, took the name of Pelagius, and in 405, A.D., began to publish to the world the heresy known as *Pelagianism*. He had with him as fellow-worker a Scot named Cœlestius, and thus we see an educated Scot in Rome before Roman rule ceased in Britain, albeit he was a co-

worker with Pelagius. Those two went to Africa when the Goths sacked Rome. Then Pelagius went alone to Egypt, then to Palestine in 415, A.D., where John, Bishop of Jerusalem, protected him. Then Paul Orosius, a Spaniard, sent by Augustine to confer with Jerome on other matters, impeached him. But Pelagius satisfied a counsel of 14 bishops held at Diospolis. Shortly thereafter he was condemned by councils at Carthage and Milevi, and by Zozimus, the Pope: and Honorius banished him from Rome. Cœlestius his confrère sought admission among the presbyters of Carthage, but was refused; and against him Augustine wielded his pen. He went to Ephesus, and there he was made a presbyter. His opinions were repeatedly condemned, and he was banished the Empire. But he hid himself in the East and taught. And so, finally, Pelagius and his Scottish confrère pass from history, whither we know not. They passed, but their doctrines remained, and remain to this day condemned, resisted, yet ever cropping up again; carrying with them the denial of any change in human nature consequent on the fall, and the affirmation that man is now in the condition morally in which God created him—ministering always to the exaltation of man as he is—threatening to assume new and wider form in the teaching of those who say that man has but to arise in his might to make earth a paradise. It is strange to note the companionship of those two from ancient Albion and Ierne, 1000 years after Hamilcar visited those lands, sowing in the far East,

and in Jerusalem itself, seed which brought such a harvest and won for themselves such unenviable notoriety.

It was natural that in Britain, the native land of Pelagius, those matters should excite attention. The doctrines of Pelagius won a following there. Agricola, son of Severianus, had taught them, and the British Churches, already degenerate enough, were being led astray. The bishops of France consulted on the matter, and resolved to send two of their number—Germanus of Auxerre and Lupus of Troyes—to bring back the Britons who were being led away. And Pope Celestine, on the motion of one Palladius, a deacon, gave to Germanus his authority for this mission. And so those two French bishops crossed the English Channel, got a severe tossing by the way in one of its wild storms, and their mission seemed for the time being fairly successful. This was in the consulate of Dionysius and Bassus, *i.e.*, 429, A.D.

Our next item is that, "in the consulate of Bassus and Antiochus (*i.e.*, 431, A.D.), Palladius, first bishop, is sent to the Scots believing in Christ". Whatever may have been the case before, there were now some believing Scots in Erin—the result probably of Patrick's 20 years' labour. But nobody seems to know very certainly what became of Palladius. Some said he was driven away by storms and never landed in Erin. Some say he landed and was very successful. Some say that he landed and was very un-

successful, having to escape for his life; and that he got away round to the Mearns, where the church of Fordun was dedicated in his name, and where still remains "Paladdy's Well". The reader must make of it what he can. In any case, he was not more than a year in Erin, if he ever got there. His suggestion as to Germanus, while as yet he was a deacon, the foregoing brief chronicled statement, and the dim memory of his name in the Mearns form all the record we have of what must have been a life of labour and service.

St. Servanus is called a pupil of Palladius. But, if the St. Servanus, of whom we are most certain, be meant, that would make him live 200 years at least. But there is no objection to holding Terrenanus as the disciple of Palladius—that Terrenanus or Ternan who has stamped his name in Banchory-Ternan on the Dee. How little we know of that old time, and how much we would like to know of its love and friendship and devotion, all hidden away from us!

Our next item is more important and also more definite. The erewhile boy-captive of the Scots, after labouring for long time in Erin, had gone to Rome. In 432, A.D. (the 19th year of Drust I. of Pictland), he was made a bishop and sent to Erin. One of the Chronicles says this was done "by an angel of God named Victor and by Pope Celestine"—the Victor of this chronicle being probably the Victricius of Patrick's vision. This was among the closing acts of Celestine's life, for he died that year. Before

this, Patrick's 20 years in Erin had yielded scanty results. Now as Bishop he is destined to a wondrous success. He went over all the land preaching and teaching, and ordaining bishops and presbyters among its tribes—355 bishops, it is said, and 3000 presbyters—rather too much for one man's labour, we would suppose. But, perhaps, that enumeration includes all that were ordained by him, and also by the bishops whom he consecrated up to the date of the chronicler. He appointed in some localities groups of seven bishops—in one place, *Dulo Ocheni*, he founded seven churches. And so all Erin was converted to Christ.

The Scots little knew what a blessing to themselves they carried away in that captive boy. His mission to them was also a mighty factor in shaping the destinies of the Scots, the Britons, the Picts, and even the Engles, who had not yet arrived on the scene. From small seeds there grow mighty events. It is not that events in this world are interlinked merely. They grow and bear fruit. There came over Britain a tide of barbaric people—the Engles, the Saxons, the Jutes coming in on the east and south-east, the Picts continuing their pressure from the north. The Church in Britain was severed from its communication with Rome and the Continent. The Britons who yet remained free were pressed back towards the western half of the island, and their faith almost destroyed. And the same tide that severed Britain from the west of Europe drew over Erin a veil as of thickest mist,

through which we try in vain to see clearly what was doing there. Forms loom dimly through the mist, and we know they are men. We get one clear glimpse of a migration from it in the end of the 5th century, but that is all.

It is more than a hundred years after Patrick went to Erin before the veil rises to us with the coming of Columba to Iona. It was 200 years before the veil rose to those in Rome. But the sight that meets us then would be incredible, were it not so completely proven. We see the Scots of Erin a civilized and cultured people, destined to be for centuries a home—we might rather say *the* home of education and culture that were being driven out of Western Europe. Give things different names, and people hardly recognise them. Say that the Scots had chariots and boats, both of skin and wood, and that they knew the art of writing, and no one will question it. Call their chariots, carriages, their boats, private yachts and pleasure boats, and say that their writing remains to this day among the most splendid specimens of manuscript that the world has ever seen, and men are slow to believe it. Yet such is the veritable fact, as any one who has a mind to examine may see for himself. Add their sculptured monuments and the learning of their clergy, which in Adamnan's time included Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and whatever of Druid lore it was not unlawful to know; and we have some picture of the wondrous fruit that grew from the capture of that British boy. Strangely does the Ruler of all

fulfil His high purposes, causing the wrath and robbery of man to rebuke the proud, the fearful, and the unbelieving ; and yet in wrath remembering mercy, and sowing in the time of trouble the seed of future blessing.

CHAPTER II.

A STORMY TIME.



AFTER Ninian the affairs of Valentia are exceedingly obscure. There look out on us from that time names of which we vainly wish to know something. The faith of the people had sunk very low. There appears in Patrick's time one Coroticus—in the Welsh Chronicles, Curetic *Guletic* (i.e., something like Emperor)—and to him Patrick wrote in an indignant strain, denouncing his countrymen's conduct in severe language. He will not call them "cives mei," but "cives dæmoniorum"—not his citizens at all, but of the fellowship of devils—"allies of Scots and apostate Picts". He says they had been plundering his sheep; and he speaks of Christian men brought under bondage to the most unworthy of bad men and Picts who had apostatised, "not that I wished to utter anything so hard and severe, but I am compelled by the zeal of God and of the truth of Christ; I am stirred up for love of my neighbours and children, for whom I have given up my country and parents and my own soul, because, even unto death, if I be worthy, I have vowed to my God to teach the Gentiles,

though now I am despised by some". Those sentences reveal the low condition of the Christian faith in Britain. The Saxon invasion was a terrible thing, but it was a degenerate people on whom the dread visitation came. And it had the effect of kindling at least valour within them. The conversion of the Southern Picts was not very lasting—probably only a few here and there believing. That nation continued for a while to be a scourge to the Britons. This Coroticus or Curetic was descended from one Confer far back in the Roman time. From him came the royal race of Alclyde, which lasted at least till the time of Run, who died in 878, A.D., and which gave to Pictland two kings, one of whom was among its greatest monarchs. And the blood of this old Roman-British family, in all probability, flows in the veins of the present sovereign of Britain.

Another name that looks out on us is Coyl *Hen*, i.e., Coyl "the old," who has left his name in the district of Kyle, and also in "Old King Cole". There he is in the 5th century, real enough, with the names of his ancestors, fifteen generations of them descended from one Beli, and seven generations of his descendants—the race ending to history with one Morcant in Strathclyde. Then there is Dungual Hen of the race of Confer, whose name is important genealogically, but of whom we know nothing more. There appears also one Cliniog Eitin, grandson of Dungual Hen, suggesting an Eitin or Edin long before Edwin is said to have built his "Burg" there. We find the name

Dinas Eiddyn applied very early to that place—but we cannot exactly say when—the prototype, perhaps, of Dunedin. We meet also with one Neithon, cousin of the said Cliniog, who seems to have left his name in the *Nith*.

But by far the most remarkable name which we meet in the records of the early years of the 6th century is that of “the blameless king,” the famous Arthur. Of his parentage we know nothing certain, or of how he came to be a king and a leader of men. His name is surrounded with such a blaze of romance that we almost forget that there was a real Arthur. When Edward claimed the fealty of the Scottish nation, one of his arguments was that Arthur had conquered the Scots, and strangely enough the Scots admitted that they had been conquered by Arthur. Yet the only Scots in Alban in Arthur’s time were in Argyle. They said that Arthur was a usurper, and the rightful heir was Loth of Lothian. Rightful heirs were a doubtful quantity in Valentia. The Scots were nearer the mark when they pled that Edward the Norman could claim no inheritance from conquest by Arthur the Briton, seeing that England had been three times conquered in the interim.

Whatever was Arthur’s parentage, there is no doubt that he was of the British people—the same as those now called Welsh. He was a brave man, and a king of men; and held the Saxons at bay, giving them such a check at Badon Hill as kept them from troubling him for the rest of his life. It is little

wonder that, as the Welsh power receded and the kingdom of Alclyde disappeared, the Welsh people should have carried the story of Arthur with them. But it is more surprising that the Saxon people should have taken up a story in which they had no part, except as the heathen enemies of the Christian Arthur, and should have located it almost entirely about the Thames. The furthest south of the Arthurian localities given by Nennius, was Caerleon, which may be Chester, but which may also be Carlisle. Indeed, Skene guesses it as Dumbarton, the old Alclyde.

Looking at the real narrative, which is all too scanty in its details, and gathering such identifications as we can, we find that Arthur's first battle was at the mouth of the *Glein*, or *Glem*, or *Glen* in Northumbria. Then there were four battles on the *Duglas* in *Linnius*, which Skene identifies, and seemingly correctly, as Lennox. Another battle was on a river called *Bassa*. Then he fought the battle of *Coit Celidon*, i.e., "the Celidon" or "Caledonian Wood". Then he fought by a castle or fort called *Gurnion* or *Guinnion*, in which Skene finds a shadowy connection with Wedale on Gala Water. Then another battle on "the strand of the river *Tribruit*" or *Tratheu Tryweryd*, which Skene guesses as the Carse of Stirling, and which Tennyson makes "the waste sand shore of *Trath Treroit*". Then another at Caerleon, the "Caer" or "City of the Legions," which may be Chester. Then he fought at Agned or Mynydd Agned,

the old Welsh name for Edinburgh, a battle called *Cathbregon* or *Cathregonion*. Then, finally, in 516, A.D., he fought at *Badon Hill*, the locality of which can only be guessed. And the Chronicle says that he "carried the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ three days and three nights on his shoulders, and the Britons were victorious". Then he reigned in peace 21 years, and during that time there was a check to the Saxon invasion.

Tradition says that Guinevere or Ganver, Arthur's queen, died near to Meigle in the land of the Picts. Beside the old Mynydd Agned *alias* Dinas Eiddyn, now Edinburgh, is the height known as Arthur's Seat. Fancy can picture "the blameless king" seated there mourning for his queen, looking far over the land he had won and defended against the English invader, and across the clear waters of the Forth up to the "dim land" of the Picts, where had gone the loved and lost one whom he was to meet no more on this earth. We look on that same land, and that same sea has ebbed and flowed and lapped the shores and sounded on unceasingly all those centuries. How many generations have come and gone since then, and human life is still the same.

In 516, A.D., the year of Badon Hill, there was born among the Britons Gildas, whose writings have come down to us. He tells of the Saxon invasion, giving the date of 44 years before Badon Hill, *i.e.*, 472 for the coming of the Saxons, by which, if he is correct, he must mean their first coming in north of the

Humber. He wails over the desolation wrought by the heathen—a mournful Briton writing in a time of rapine and slaughter. He died in 570, A.D.

There was some fighting with the Saxons in the far south after Badon Hill for a year or two, but over all the rest of Britain there was a pause during Arthur's time—a time of peace. But the curse of civil strife was upon the Britons. There was one Loth, a prince or chief, from whom his country took the name of Lothian. In the Welsh Chronicles he appears as Llew or Lueddog. The Latins made him Leudonus, and called his country Leudonia. This Loth of Lothian had a son whose name was Modred or Medrant, with a great variety of spellings. How it came about we cannot tell, but Modred appeared at the head of an army against Arthur in 537, A.D. The two forces met at Camelon on the banks of the Carron close by Falkirk—a locality which keeps its name to this day. There both Arthur and Modred fell.

Such, stripped of its fable, is the story of King Arthur. The fable has in it much that is beautiful, and bids fair to live as romance while the English tongue endures. Yet, would that, in its stead, we had the true story of that king a little more fully detailed. The fact would shine fairer than the romance. We see in Arthur a heroic man kindling into valour the hearts of his countrymen, and ruling their restless elements with a firm and peaceful sway. The Britons might well mourn his loss. Ten years after his death,

Ida the Engle, the father of the royal race of Northumbria, one of those who traced their ancestry to Woden, came across the briny waters and built Bamborough, enclosing it at first with a fence and afterwards with a wall. The Britons northward to the Forth experienced the full force of the English invasion as their countrymen in the south had known it a century before. Remembering the time of Arthur, they began to say he was not dead but would come again, thus, in their time of semi-pagan lapsing, mixing up with his name the hope of the coming One for whom we still look—a hope too sacred to associate with the name of Arthur.

While the stormy time of the end of the 5th and the beginning of the 6th century was heaving in its wild agonies from the Carse of Stirling southward, the country north of that was still and peaceful so far as we know. The land of the Picts during that time is as silent to us as it was in the time after Agricola turned back from Mons Granpius. Yet westward in the region of Argyle, we find a matter in process that was destined to blaze forth widely enough, and to have in the future a world-wide significance. Scots from Erin had for a long time before been coming in to dwell in that district, which was afterwards called by the Latins Ergadia. There they dwelt a long time without a king. In the north of Erin there had been in Patrick's time a prince or ruler or king in Dalriada, who was named Erc, the son of Eachach Muinremair. He had three sons, Lorn,

Angus, and Fergus. Erc died, and the youngest son, Fergus, suspecting that his brothers meant to defraud him of his share of the inheritance, went to Patrick and asked his influence to set matters right, offering him a division of his land if he should get it. Patrick would not take the land, but gave it to Bishop Olcan, who built a church on it called Derekan. Patrick got matters arranged between the brothers, and then gave his blessing to Fergus, telling him that though his land was small among his brethren yet he should be a king, and from him should descend the kings of Dalriada (*i.e.*, in Alban) and also of Fortrenn. In 498, A.D., those three brothers came across to Argyle and began a kingdom there, which was for a while subordinate to the northern Scottish kingdom in Ireland. It was called by the same name as the old—namely, Dalriada, and its inhabitants were called Dalriadi. Fergus was the leading spirit of the new emigration, and he was the first head-chief or king of the new kingdom.

When the brothers came their strength was not great—150 men accompanying them. But their fellow-countrymen were there before them. The next notice we have of their numbers is their clan muster for war, after they had got matters somewhat arranged—500 men, divided into 30 houses for Clan Angus; 300 men for Clan Gabran (the name by which the clan of Fergus was afterwards known); and 700 men for Clan Lorn. Their next clan muster shows an immense increase and a change in relative strength.

Clan Gabran is now the strongest, having 560 houses; Clan Angus, which in the last muster had 30 houses, has now 430; Clan Lorn has 420. For sea muster they had 14 benches to every 20 houses. Those two clan musters are dateless. Then they became four tribes—a new clan, Comgall, branching off from Clan Gabran.

Fergus did not live long in the new country. He died in 501, A.D. His son Domangart succeeded him. He had “five turbulent years”. His wife was Feidlimidh, daughter of Briuin, son of Echach Muigmedon. She bore him two sons, Gabran and Comgall, both of whom reigned after him, and gave their names to the two branches of the Clan Fergus. Comgall succeeded his father Domangart in 507, A.D., and died in 538, A.D. Twenty-four years of his reign were without a battle—a peaceful reign on the whole; a large part of it being contemporaneous with Arthur’s peaceful reign among the Britons. About 520, A.D., there was born to a second cousin of his, Fedhlimidh by name, a boy, whom they called Columba. On Comgall’s death, his brother Gabran succeeded and reigned up to 560, A.D. Those were called kings of Alban, but we shall find the Dalriadans getting such a check at the end of Gabran’s reign as kept the kings of Argyle from assuming that title again for a long time. All this growth of the power of the Scots was going on peacefully on the whole, beyond the fortress of Dumbarton Rock to the westward, while Arthur was beating back his foes all round, checking

the Saxon inroads on the east, and filling up the 21 years that he had of peace, before he fell by the hand of his own countrymen at Camelon.

In 547, A.D., Ida the Engle built Bamborough, and the Engles from that time established a firm footing northward. But it was not without severe fighting. The names of their leaders, given in the Welsh Records, are Ida, son of Eobba ; Adda, and Dodric (or Deodric, the Flame-bearer), his sons ; Ældric, son of Adda (or Alla) ; Friodguald and Husa. The struggle lasted, more or less acutely, for the rest of the century, or at least to 573 or 574. Against the last-named four, the British leaders were Urbgen, Guallac, Morcant, of the race of "Old Coyl," and Riderch Hen, of the race of Confer. Urbgen was a famous warrior, and while he was on a successful expedition to Lindisfarne Morcant killed him, being envious of his fame. This was Morcant Bulc, whose grandson was the last of Old Coyl's race. We shall meet him and also Riderch Hen, called also Haël (*i.e.*, Liberal), presently in connection with Kentigern. This Riderch was the friend both of Kentigern and Columbia. He was the son of Tutagual, grandson of Clinioch, and great grandson of Dungual Hen.

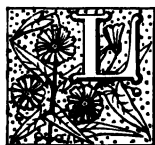
Civil strife was the ruin of those Britons. In the face of the Saxon foe Morcant struck for power. And after Morcant's death the strife still raged. There had been a great lapsing among the Britons, not now into Pelagianism but into actual heathenism. Many were not baptised. There is even a hint of their

beginning to think Woden a god. But Riderch Hen, the son of a Scottish mother, had been baptised by the disciples of Patrick (probably the second generation of them), and he held by the Christian faith. The other party, either "semi-pagan" or turned away to heathenism, met him in the field. Of the process of strife we know nothing, but it ended at the battle of Ardderyd in 573, A.D. Chalmers guesses this place as Airdrie, but Skene with more skill identifies it as Arthuret, near Carlisle. This battle was between the sons of Elifer and Guendoleu, son of Keidiau. Guendoleu fell, and there remains the name of Carwindlaw—the "caer" or fort of Guendoleu. There it is said that Merlin went mad. There too in the battle, we are told, was Riderch Haël. There also, it is said, was Aedan, the Christian king of Argyle, but this is less certain. Nud and Cof were also sons of Keidiau, who was the great-great-grandson of "Old Coyl". It is also said that a son of Nud Haël called Dryan fought at Ardderyd. It is difficult to disentangle the relationships hereabout; for Nud Haël is also said to have been a nephew of Riderch Haël. And a stone was found at Yarrow with the name of Nud upon it, followed by an L and a partly obliterated inscription, which ends, "here lie in the mound the two sons of the Liberal"—a faithless stone that has lost more than half its tale. The reader will doubtless recall Tennyson's "Edyrn, son of Nud," the "Sir Driant" of Thomas Malory. What we dimly see is a great struggle between Briton and Saxon—civil strife and

a great lapsing into idolatry and nature-worship among the Britons, and, finally, two parties headed respectively by the families of Beli and of Confer—that of Beli overthrown in Guendoleu, and that of Confer emerging into clear power in Riderch Hen. He is the first whom we see definitely settled as king from Clyde to Derwent. That kingdom began to be called Alclyde and Strathclyde. And then long after Riderch's time it began to be called Cumbria, a name which remains in the Cumbræ (of the Clyde) and in Cumberland. Alclyde, called by the Scots Dunbreton, *i.e.*, the "Fort of the Britons," was a stronghold of great strength and the fortress of the king. And the ancient city of Pertnech (Partick) stood then at the junction of the Kelvin with the Clyde, a residence of the king, while as yet Glasgow was but wood or field or meadow, and the Mollendenor ran bright and clear through a quiet dell, where was a little cemetery that Ninian had consecrated more than a hundred years before Riderch was born—where also was a well, now enclosed in Glasgow Cathedral.

CHAPTER III.

KENTIGERN.



LOTH, king of Lothian, father of Modred, is called in a fragment of a life of Kentigern "a semi-pagan man". His son would, therefore, have double antipathy to Arthur, the Christian king. But Loth had also a daughter called Thaney (with a variety of spellings). The fault, it is said, was not hers, but she was taken by her half-pagan father and put into an open boat at Aberlessic. She was towed beyond the Isle of May, and left to the mercy of the waves. The boat drifted ashore not far from Culross (Culenros). There she found the dying embers of a deserted fire, which she managed to kindle into flame. There, all alone, she gave birth to a boy, and there, in the early morning, she was found by some shepherds, who brought her to an old hermit who lived at Culross. He received her under his care, and baptised both the mother and the babe. The name he gave to the little foundling was *Kyentyern* or *Kentigern*. From this name we would conclude that the old

hermit was a Scot. *Cean Tighernach* means "head-lord," and Joceline of Furness translates it by "Capitalis Dominus".

The monk—priest or bishop, for it is uncertain which he was—who received Kentigern, is called Servanus. But we meet another Servanus in the reign of Bruidi MacBile in the end of the 7th century. There may have been two of the same name, or the name of the Servanus who lived later in the island of Lochleven may have been transferred to the preceptor of Kentigern. The old monk of Culross may have been, as he is called, a disciple of Palladius. We shall call him Servanus, because we have no other name for him. The date of Kentigern's birth is not given. He died in 612, A.D., and was then a very old man, say between 80 and 90 years of age. That would make his birth between 520 and 530, A.D., during Arthur's peaceful reign, and before his mother's brother had fought the fatal battle of Camelon against "the blameless king".

The father of Kentigern is called in the old fragment Ewen, son of King Ulien. In another old record, he is called Owain, son of Urien Reged. In Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," we find Uriens, king of the land of Gore, who is said to have been the brother-in-law of King Arthur, and the father of Sir Ewaine le Blanchmains. We must be careful how we believe anything from that romance, yet here it seems to touch fact. For there was a real Ewen, son of Urien. As for the land of Gore, we

find *Gorebridge* south from Edinburgh. If the connection given by Sir Thomas Malory be real, then Kentigern, son of Ewen "of the white hands," was the grandson of Arthur's sister.

Kentigern grew up a docile, open-hearted boy, and the heart of the old man twined around the child who had been so strangely cast on his care. He loved him more than all his other pupils, and he called him by a pet name, *Munghu*, which means *Carissimus Amicus*, "my friend most dear". A gentle and loving old man was this Servanus. He had another pet, a robin-redbreast.

But Kentigern, as he grew to manhood, felt another hest upon him than staying there. So he left Culross and old Servanus privately, and took his journey westward. He came to the Forth, somewhere west of Alloa, and crossed it while it was in flood. Servanus, finding him gone, followed him, "supporting his aged limbs with his staff". He came to the river bank and saw Kentigern on the other side, but he could not cross the flooded stream. He stood on the bank, and beckoned and called across the water to Kentigern—called him "my dearest son ; light of mine eyes ; staff of my old age"—begged him to come back and care for his grey hairs till he should close his eyes in death. Kentigern replied that it was the divine will that he should go, and he could not return. Servanus then begged him to pray that the waters might be divided, so that he too might come across, "so that, to the evening of my days, I may

be thine own inseparable companion". But it could not be. Kentigern spoke to him tenderly, lovingly, gratefully ; called him his father ; said he himself was destined for service in the ministry. " I shall proceed to what He has sent me to do, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace." And so across the flooded Forth, "having mutually blessed each other, they were divided, the one from the other, and never after that, in this world, did they behold each other's face again". Servanus went back to his lonely cell, now doubly lonely since Munghu was gone. In a good old age he was gathered to his fathers, in hope of "the penny of eternal reward from the Lord". A gentle and loving heart, and yet a brave one too, if legend speaks the truth, and if he were indeed St. Servanus. For he, it is said, met the devil in a cave near Dysart, and wrestled with him there in high debate and overcame him. That cave, the traditionary scene of his victory, is now the wine cellar of the Earl of Rosslyn.

Kentigern came to Carnock and brought comfort to an old man named Fregus, who was at the point of death there. Then he went on his way, westward still, until he came to Cathures, beside the Mollendenor, not far from its junction with the Clyde. There he found a little cemetery that had been blessed by Ninian, more than 100 years before. It was a wild, sweet, rural spot. Even in the 12th century Joceline says of a grave there, "it is girt with a delightful density of shadowing trees". There was

a well in that quiet spot, and Kentigern fixed his home there. You will find it to-day in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, covered with a wooden lid, labelled "St. Mungo's Well," and carefully *locked up* ! There were two brothers who lived not far off, one of whom, named Anguen, was kind to Kentigern, while the other used him very ill, misinterpreted him and slandered him.

Kentigern's presence there came to the knowledge of the King of Alclyde. Who was the king, or chief among the chiefs, we cannot tell. It was at the time when Riderch Hen and the descendants of "Old Coyle" were fighting against the Engles. Morcant was striking for power in Alclyde. Whoever was king, he, "with the other Christians, though they were very few," came to Kentigern to have him consecrated bishop. At length he consented. So a bishop was brought from Ireland—one of those whose orders came through Patrick—and by one bishop he was ordained. Ordination by one bishop was afterwards accounted irregular, but it was never held to be invalid. The mode of consecration, according to the custom then in Britain, was "by anointing the head by pouring on them the sacred chrism with the invocation of the Holy Ghost, and benediction, and the laying-on of hands". Kentigern placed his Cathedral chair "in the town called Glesgu, which is, being interpreted, Cara Familia (*i.e.*, Dear Family), which is now called Glasgu," and Joceline adds that it was "a family famous and dear to God". But there was no

town of Glesgu then. It was simply Cathures, a solitary spot, and the "dear family" consisted of those who gathered around Kentigern.

The Cambrian Kingdom, according to Joceline, extended from sea to sea. He says it was bounded by the line of the Roman rampart, in place of which "a wall was constructed, eight feet in breadth and twelve feet in height, even till it touches the river Forth; and by its boundary it divides Scotia from Anglia," which is interesting as showing what Joceline regarded as the boundary of Scotia in his day. But it is very doubtful if the district between the walls—the old Valentia—was called Cambria in Kentigern's time. It had been one kingdom under Arthur, but there were several kings or chiefs together in it after his time. In all that district however Kentigern seems to have been the only bishop.

Joceline, the monk of Furness, addresses his prologue to Joceline, bishop of Glasgow, whose name you will find placarded in the Cathedral there as its founder. He says he had tried to get a better life of Kentigern than the one used in Glasgow, and had come upon a little volume, "composed in the Scotie style, and swarming with solecisms," and, what was worse, having in its very opening something adverse to the Catholic faith. Of this Scotie life, it is possible that the old fragment already referred to may be a part. He says he determined to put together what he could gather from both volumes, and to "season with Roman salt what had been barbarously

composed". He seems too honest to be the originator of fables ; so we may put the mythical parts to the account of the two older volumes. But he reproduces much that we cannot believe. There are, however, many things that touch history and find a confirmation, more or less complete, elsewhere.

Of Kentigern's person and life in Glesgu, the following may be taken as credible. He was of middle stature, rather inclining to tallness ; he was of robust strength, capable of enduring great fatigue in the labours of body and soul ; his countenance was beautiful and his form graceful ; his expression was that of cheerfulness, a certain contentment of holy joy beaming out ; he was in the habit of going, very early in the morning, to the Dew or Dow Hill, on the eastern bank of the Mollendenor, and, after his morning bath, he was wont to recite the Psalter on that hill, though perhaps not exactly in the condition that Joceline describes. The Dow Hill is on the north side of the Gallowgate of Glasgow. The Mollendenor passes the old College Green, and crosses the Gallowgate, a short distance east of the Cross.

He taught his pupils to avoid hypocrisy, saying that hypocrites are the followers and forerunners of Antichrist ; "for Antichrist himself, as is written, shall sit in the temple of God, and by lying signs shall show himself as if he were God". He inculcated sincerity ; not the exhibiting of staid demeanour in gesture, or dress, or discipline, or in hanging the head and casting down the eyes, which

he called an expression rather of cleaving to the dust than to heaven; but in seeking the Lord in singleness of heart, associating internal with external purity, and doing all things with spiritual joy. "Thus, in all your works, man shall be edified, God shall be glorified, because God loveth a cheerful teacher and doer of good." And one thing worth noting in a loud-voiced time is that he "preached more by silence than many doctors and rulers by loud speaking".

Kentigern's dress was the opposite of showy. Part of it was of haircloth. One garment was called "Melotes," which is the Greek of the Septuagint for the "Addereth" or mantle of Elijah. And, further, he wore a *cuculla* or cowl, a white alb, and a stole. And Joceline says further that his staff was not rounded, or gilded, or gemmed after the fashion of a later time, but was of wood simply bent.

Joceline mentions a name that has got an importance in Scottish history altogether beyond its intrinsic historical value—the *Calledei*, better known to us as *Culdees*. He says of the "Cara Familia" of Kentigern:—"After the manner of the primitive Church under the Apostles and their successors, possessing nothing of their own, but living soberly, and justly, and piously, and most continently, when they had matured in age and wisdom, they dwelt in single cabins, as also St. Kentigern himself, whence also the *singulares clerici* were commonly called *Calledei*," or, by another reading, "whence they were called both *singulares clerici* and *Calledei*". Joceline does not say

when the name *Calledei* began first to be applied to those monks. In no other document that we know of is the name applied to any before the 9th century. This is, therefore, noteworthy, as the earliest application of that name that we have been able to find. We ask the reader to make a note of it. And note also that Joceline, who uses that name, wrote in the second half of the 12th century, while Kentigern gathered his "*Cara Familia*" in the second half of the 6th. As to "the manner of the primitive Church under the Apostles," &c., we shall say nothing here. Joceline's words tell us what kind of monastic buildings Kentigern's "*Cara Familia*" dwelt in—single cabins—a collection of huts on the banks of the Mollendenor, just like what we shall find in Iona.

There had been a great lapsing in Alclyde, not now into Pelagianism, but into actual heathenism. Morcant seems to have come into chief power shortly after the consecration of Kentigern at Cathures. He and his friends were far from being exemplary Christians, if they were Christians at all. Kentigern's first work was to put down heathen fanes, "the shrines of demons". He dissolved incestuous marriages, and baptised those who had not been baptised. Round about his cathedral church he busied himself in agriculture, working at the plough with his own hands. Joceline, or the older writers, would make him an extraordinary agriculturist, saying that he yoked a wolf and a stag to his plough, and ploughed nine acres of Glasgow soil with them. But we must

here leave the fabulous matter, only suggesting that Glasgow people should find another legend for their fish and ring. As a story, the one they have is neither beautiful nor good.

Morcant and Kentigern did not get on harmoniously (Joceline says that Morcant and his race got gout in their feet, because he kicked Kentigern). Morcant died at a place called Thorp or Throp Morken. His friends vowed that they would kill Kentigern. Glesgu became unsafe for him, and so he sadly took his departure, and wended his way southward past Carlisle (Karleolum), past a place called afterwards *Crosfeld*, because he erected a cross there, and onward to Wales. There he came to the banks of the Elgu, near where it joined another stream, in which he found another Clwyd. It is quite possible that he gave it that name from his own loved river in the north. The place was called Llanelwy. There he built a monastery, and there he gathered many monks, who were divided into choirs and relieved each other in turns, so that praise and prayer went on continually. There was a bright boy there of the name of Asaph. Kentigern dwelt there a long time, and, when he returned to Glesgu, this boy, then grown to be a man, was appointed his successor, and Llanelwy became the Church of St. Asaph.

The king of Guenedote or Wales at that time was Maelgwn *alias* Malcunus, the descendant in the 4th generation of that Cunedda who had retreated from the region of the Forth 146 years before. Joceline

says it was Cathwallain who reigned, meaning probably Caswallain Law Hir, Maelgwn's father. But it seems rather that Maelgwn was king. He or his father had expelled the Scots from Wales, so that they never returned. He was a king of evil fame. He had been a turbulent man, and had then turned monk, and thereafter he married his nephew's widow. Verily there were strange, degenerate doings among those Britons.

By the battle of Ardderyd, Riderch Haël became King of Alclyde or Strathclyde, and in him the race of Confer was finally established in the sovereignty. He invited Kentigern to return to his well-loved Clyde. And Kentigern left Llanelwy to Asaph's care. And a custom grew up in that monastery, that the gate by which he went out was kept closed, except on St. Asaph's day, the 1st of May, because of their sorrow at his departure, and because, in Asaph's appointment, their sorrow was turned into joy.

Joceline says that Kentigern had a vision in the Oratory, while he was praying to the Lord concerning his return. An angel appeared to him, bidding him "return to Glasgow, to thy church, and there thou shalt be a great nation, and the Lord will make thee to increase among the people. Thou shalt acquire to the Lord thy God a holy nation, an innumerable people to be won (*innumerabilem populum acquisitionis*), and thou shalt receive a perpetual crown from Him." Joceline wrote his narrative somewhere about 600 years after Kentigern left Llanelwy, and, when

he was writing in Furness, there was still "a delightful density of shadowing trees" by the Mollendenor. About that time, William the Lion founded the small burgh of Glasgow. It would have surprised Joceline had he known what a multitude would cluster around Kentigern's well, and in what strange ways the words which he wrote were destined to be fulfilled.

Riderch and his people met Kentigern at Hoddam in Annandale, 16 miles from Dumfries. There Kentigern taught them that they should give up their idols, which were fitter for fire than for worship. The elements, which they regarded as deities, were but creatures for the use and help of man. Woden, in whom, Joceline says, the Britons, and especially the Engles, believed as a deity, he said was probably a mortal man, a King of the Saxons, from whom they and many nations had their descent. It is implied in those words that the Britons, harassed and defeated by the Saxons, had begun to regard Woden as a god.

Then Joceline tells us that Kentigern went among the Picts of Galwiethia, *i.e.*, that mixed race of Gael and Picts (Scotti-Picti, Gaedhel-Fichti) who dwelt in Galloway, preaching to them and teaching them; then, that he went into Albania, *i.e.*, the country north of the Forth and Clyde, which is quite likely; and that he sent disciples towards the Orcades, Noruuagia, and Ysalanda, but here we fear Joceline is in the region of romance.

One beautiful little scene Joceline gives—the meeting of Columba and Kentigern. He says that Columba

was "admirable in doctrine and virtues, illustrious in presage (*praesagiis*) of future things, full of prophetic spirit". Joceline's narrative cannot be taken as a *verbatim* report of the interview, and we must drop some of his incidents, but the fact is there clear enough. Columba came to the banks of the Mollendenor, to where the Glasgow Cathedral now stands. There, beside the well, now so carefully locked up from men's sight, we can see the two, getting into the sere and yellow leaf, veterans in labour and endurance and privation, both in large measure victorious—the work of Columba in Pictland drawing to a close—that of Kentigern in Alclyde, destined to continue for fifteen years after Columba had gone to his rest. They spent several days together, and had much sweet intercourse. Then, "in pledge and testimony of their mutual love in Christ," they exchanged their staves and parted, never to meet again on this earth. A beautiful scene, floating dateless before us, so far away, so silent and clear, as if seen through a telescope. The Mollendenor was a bright stream then, with its delightful woody shade, its waters not yet polluted with city filth, or imprisoned among Glasgow sewage, nor had one cloud of Glasgow smoke darkened the sky. They kept this staff of Columba's for a long time in Ripon, and Fordun says it was there when he wrote, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, encased in gold and gemmed with pearls.

Joceline says that Kentigern died in his bath—

sinking as if into a calm sleep. They clothed him in his Episcopal robes, and laid him reverently beneath a stone on the right, *i.e.*, the south, side of the altar. And there his tomb is seen to this day, being in this respect more fortunate than some others of whose bodies the very love and reverence of men carried parts to various places; as, for example, Columba, whose bones, after lying for a century and a half in Iona, seem to have been divided between Saul Patrick, and Dunkeld; and Andrew the Apostle, brother of Peter, of whose body Regulus is said to have brought from Patrae to Scotland three fingers, an arm from the elbow to the shoulder, a kneecap, and a tooth. Yet those bones were enshrined for purposes of reverence. The reverence was there, whatever we may think of its expression. The following sentence may be worth quoting here by way of contrast:—"The patriot Hampden, best beatified man we have, had lain in like manner some two centuries in his narrow home, when certain dignitaries of us, 'and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys,' raised him also up, under cloud of night, cut off his arm with penknives, pulled the scalp off his head, and otherwise worshipped our hero saint in the most amazing manner" (*Past and Present*, chap. xvi.). So in this irreverent age what can we do but pass on meditating on the contrast. If they were mistaken, surely penknives and pulleys and irreverent curiosity are not an improvement. Kentigern's tomb is still where his body was laid to rest 1273 years ago, and

there, undisturbed, his dust reposes. And, in the "Reformation," which destroyed, among other things, so much beautiful masonry, and forgot the reforming, the Protestant Lords ordered Provost Lindsay of Glasgow to burn all images, but to take "guid heyd" that nothing else be injured or broken. And thus the Cathedral, which had been reared by Bishop Joceline and others, over Kentigern's tomb and well, escaped that destruction which came on other Cathedral Churches in Scotland.

As to the date of Kentigern's death, it is given in the *Annales Cambriae* as 612, A.D. Skene here falls into a mistake, saying that Joceline's statement would make the date Sunday the 13th of January. Then, after comparing entries in Chronicles and years on which the 13th of January fell on a Sunday, he concludes that the *Annales Cambriae* are wrong, and that Kentigern died in 603, A.D. But Joceline does not say that Kentigern died on a Sunday. He says, "When was dawning the octave of the Lord's Epiphany" (*cumque illucesceret dies Dominice apparitionis octavus*), i.e., the 13th January; but there is no hint to tell us on what day of the week it fell. We therefore keep by the date 612, A.D., as given in the *Annales Cambriae*, which in this matter may be taken as the more trustworthy.

One thing that speaks of Kentigern what volumes might leave untold is, that the pet name given him by old Servanus became the name by which he is best known. There was some real cause for it before

this pet name became so familiar as to overshadow, and all but obliterate, his own. The old monk, or hermit, had found the child so dear to him that he called him "Munghu, my friend most dear," modernised into "Mungo". And the closed door of Llanelwy long told the love they bore him there. St. Mungo's well, beside the stream, and St. Mungo's tomb are still there, unharmed amid all the revolutions. That old Cathedral, of which modern Glasgow, with all its wealth, has not yet been able to produce the like, is grander by far in the honesty and reverence and skill that are written in its stately architecture than in all the costly and flaring pictures with which, in questionable taste, modern Glasgow has decorated its windows. In the subdued light of that low crypt fancy can call up the time when, around the home of Kentigern and the quiet cemetery blessed by Ninian long before, there was the solitude of a quiet rural retreat—when the ancient town of Pertnech (Partick), with its royal residence, stood in the angle of the Kelvin and the Clyde,—and Dumbarton Rock, the Dun Breton of the Scots, the Alclyde of the Britons, was the capital of a kingdom that reached south to the Derwent. From that quiet home Kentigern ministered,—subduing the incoming heathenism and raising the faith and hope of the people beyond himself. They remembered him as Munghu. Ask to-day in Glasgow streets for Kentigern's Cathedral, and few will understand you. Ask for St. Mungo's, and

there are few who cannot direct you to the old Cathedral beside the Mollendenor.

And yet, after all, is it not a shadowy and unsatisfactory sketch? As we have it we must take it. If you dwell long upon it, and bring a keen discernment to help, you will gradually see that there were real men worshipping God; fulfilling the rites of His Church, baptising, teaching, instructing; fighting in the great conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil. And what can we do but give God thanks for what he did by them. And, as we meditate, we gradually see more clearly how countless is the multitude of those who sleep in Christ, and how much we inherit from their faith and labour—that is, from God's work by them; and we feel that we cannot do less than remember them in our prayers before God. For truly the communion of all saints is one.

Riderch, the son of an Irish mother, baptised by the disciples of Patrick, and Kentigern, ordained to the Episcopate by a Bishop from Ireland, stand out as the two principal figures in resisting the inflowing tide of heathenism, and recalling a people to their early Christian faith.

Riderch was a friend of Columba. He sent a message by Lugne Mocumin, one of Columba's monks, to ask whether he should be killed by his enemies. Columba's answer, as recorded by Adamnan, was—"He shall never be delivered into the hands of his enemies; he will die at home on his own pillow"; and so it came to pass.

Joceline says that Riderch Haël died the same year as Kentigern. He is the first whom we see definitely settled as King, from Clyde to Derwent. His predecessors had ruled, each with what strength and over what territory he could. All that territory was now under a Christian monarch, not again, through all the centuries downward, relapsing into heathenism. Alclyde and Strathclyde, it began to be called, and, long afterwards, *Cumbria*, a name which remains in the Cumbraes and in Cumberland. Its after history shows that it played a very important part in the making of Scotland, though for the most part obscure. Alclyde—Dumbarton Rock—its chief fortress long remained a stronghold difficult of assault. It was taken once by Angus, King of the Picts, and Eadberct, King of the Northumbrians, acting together. And, again, in 870, A.D., it stood a four months' siege of the Norsemen, who took it only after they had cut off its water supply.

CHAPTER IV.

COLUMBA COMES TO IONA.



It is now time for us to turn back and see what had in the meantime been going on in the country north of the Forth and Clyde. In the New Dalriada, *i.e.*, Argyle, Comgall, son of Domangart, died in 538, A.D. (or thereabout). His brother, Gabran, succeeded him.

In Pictland, which comprised the rest of the North of Scotland, including Orkney and possibly some of the Western Isles, Drust, of "the hundred battles," was succeeded by Talorc, son of Aniel, who reigned four years, ending in 454 or 457, A.D. He was succeeded by Necton I., son of Erip, brother of Drust the Great, and known as "Necton the Great, King of all the provinces of the Picts". It is said that he consecrated Abernethy to God and St. Brigide (Bridget or Bride) in the fifth year of his reign. The cause of the offering was, that he had been driven into exile by his brother, and had met St. Brigide in Ireland and asked her to pray for him, and she

said to him: "If thou shalt come to thy fatherland, the Lord will have mercy upon thee; thou shalt possess the kingdom of the Picts in peace". It is also said that Darlugdach, Abbess of Kildare, had come to Britain in the third year of his reign, and was present and sang *Alleluia* over that gift. But this would involve a dedication while St. Brigide was still living. She died in 521 or 523, A.D., being then 77 or 87 years of age. If the longest age assigned her be correct it is quite possible that Necton met her in Ireland, but she would then be, at the very most, 23 years of age, and probably much younger. Darlugdach also might have been present in Pictland at the date given, but not as Abbess of Kildare, for she did not succeed until the death of St. Brigide. But there is not sufficient evidence of a Christian King in Pictland so early, and there was another Necton, a descendant of Uerb, who reigned from 595 to 615, A.D. He also is said to have founded Abernethy. Possibly his dedication may have been transferred to Necton the Great. But the boundaries assigned to Abernethy are probably correct for the time of the writer of the Chronicle, namely, "from a stone in Apurfeirt even to a stone near Ceirfuill, that is Lethfoss, and then up even to Athan". Necton the Great died 478 or 481, A.D.

Then follow Drust II., called Gurthinmoch, reigning until 508 or 511; then Galanan I., called Erilich, ending 523; then Drust III., son of Gyrom, and Drust IV., son of Wdrost, five years together, and

one of them five years alone, up to 533 ; then Gartnait I., son of Gyrom, brother of Drust III., up to 540 ; then Cailtran, another son of Gyrom, ending in 541 ; then Talorcan II., son of Muircholach, up to 552 ; then Drust V., son of Munait, ending 553 ; then Galam, whom we write Galanan II., son of Cennaleph, who reigned one year alone and one year with Bruidi I., son of Mailcon ; then Bruidi alone up to 584, A.D. ; then Gartnait II., son of Domelch, whose death is given in 599, A.D., but the Pictish Chronicle gives him a reign of only eleven years, which would bring us to 595 ; then Necton II., grandson of one Uerb (or it may mean descendant of Erip, father of Drust of "the hundred battles"), who reigned twenty years ; and this brings us to 615, A.D.

Bruidi, son of Mailcon, the thirteenth Pictish King, counting from Drust the Great, began his reign while Gabran was king of the New Dalriada. The Scots and the Picts seem to have got on quite peaceably hitherto. There was between them the mountain range called Drumalban. But Gabran and his Scots had somehow got beyond this range, and they came into collision with Bruidi. The entry in the Chronicles at 560, A.D., is brief but emphatic : "Gabrain, son of Domangairt, died, expulsion by the king, the son of Maelcon, *i.e.*, King Bruide". "Death of Gabhran, son of Doman-gart, King of Alban. Flight of the Albanich before Bruidhe, son of Maelcon, King of the Cruithnech." The suggestion is, that Gabran fell in battle. This was a severe blow to the Scots. Its severity is shown

in that, while Domangart, Comgall, and Gabran are called Kings of Alban, Conall, Gabran's successor, is called only King of Dalriada.

Conall, son of Comgall and nephew of Gabran, succeeded to the Kingdom of Argyle. And now our interest gathers closely around the time of these two—Bruidi, King of the Picts, and Conall, King of the Dalriadans. That interest is centred in Conall's third cousin, Columba.

Biographical incidents of a trustworthy character are more numerous in the lives that we have of Columba than in those of Ninian, Patrick, and Kentigern. Yet there is a singular absence of detail as to the great work of the conversion of the Picts. We find, however, what is far more important than any amount of biography, namely, what was believed and taught, and what was done in the worship and service of God. Adamnan has no intention of describing services, and his mention of what was done in the Church is altogether incidental. He was writing the life of the first Abbot of Iona, he himself being the ninth. He had no need to describe what was the daily practice around him. His incidental mention of things in the Church becomes, for that reason, all the more valuable historically. No question as to the practices of Iona could have arisen if men had read what Adamnan wrote. In his pages we see Columba building churches, founding monasteries, offering the holy sacrifice, pronouncing absolution, speaking in prophecy. We see bishops, priests, and deacons

We see water and wine used in the holy sacrament; the festivals of Christmas and Easter observed; the commemoration of the departed, as well as several other things which will appear in the following pages. It is through Columba as placed before us by Cumine and Adamnan, that we get the clearest glimpse of what was done in the Church in Erin and Alban in that old time. And the importance of it is seen to be the greater when we remember that Columba inherited what Patrick had taught a hundred years before.

Columba was born at Gartan, in County Donegal, on the 7th day of December, 520, A.D. His father was Fedhlimidh or Fedilmith, of the royal race of the Scots of Dalriada in Ireland. His grandmother was Erca, daughter of Lorn and granddaughter of Erc, son of Echach Muinremair. This Erca had other sons, one of whom was Mucertach, who has been called "the first Christian King of Ireland". But, if chronicles speak truly, he was no credit to his relatives. Expelled from Ireland for murder, driven from Dalriada for killing his grandfather Lorn, he is said to have killed one Luirig, a king or chief, somewhere in Galloway, and to have taken his wife, and thereafter he became king. Let us hope that there was some mistake made by the chronicler. Whatever his character, he was half-brother to Fedhlimidh, Columba's father, who was thus connected with the house of Lorn. Columba's mother was of the royal house of Leinster. Her name was Æthnea.

His mother had a dream about him, that an angel came to her and gave her a robe of very great beauty, "in which there seemed depicted, as it were, the beautiful colours of all the flowers". Then he asked it back again, and spread it out, and let it fly through the air. She asked him why he took it away, and he answered, "Because this mantle is of such magnificent honour, thou canst not longer retain it by thee". Then she saw it gradually receding from her, and it expanded wider than the plains, the mountains, and the forests. Then she heard a voice telling her not to grieve, for her son should be "reckoned by his own people as one of the prophets of God, and has been predestined by God as the leader of countless souls to the heavenly fatherland". Such was the woman's dream. Her son was brought up as one dedicated to God.

He was baptized by one named Cruithnechan, whose Pictish designation shows that he was of those Irish Picts, to whose kindred, in Alban, Columba was destined to bring the Christian faith. Tradition says he was baptized at Temple Douglas. He was sent to Moville to be educated by St. Finnian, a Bishop. He was there ordained a deacon. Adamnan tells us that on one occasion when he was with Bishop Findbarr, "taking the pitcher he went to the fountain that, as a deacon, he might draw spring water for the service of the Holy Eucharist; for he himself was in those days serving in the order of the deaconship".

From Moville he went to Leinster, his mother's native country, and was taught by one Gemman, said to be a bard. Then he entered the monastery of Clonard, under another St. Finnian, who was not a bishop. He was sent to Etchen, bishop of Clonfad, who ordained him to the priesthood. Then he entered the monastery of Glasnevin, near Dublin. A plague broke up the community, and Columba went northward. In 546, he founded the church of Derry, and, in 553, he founded the monastery of Durrow. In the years from 546 to 563 he founded various churches and monasteries in Erin.

In 561, A.D., the battle of Culdremhne (Cooldrevny) was fought. This was a battle between the sons of Muirchertach, or Mucertach, in the north, and Diarmuid, the king of the southern branch of the race of Hy Neill. One of the best known stories is that of "the Cathach". When Columba was with Finnian, he is said to have diligently copied his Psalter. Finnian claimed the copy as being the "son-book" of his one. The case was referred to Diarmuid, who gave judgment against Columba, on the ground that "to every cow belongs her own calf". This it was said gave rise to the battle of Culdremhne, between the two tribes. But another cause of the battle is given. Curnan killed a man at the feast of Tara, and fled to Columba for sanctuary. Diarmuid took Curnan and killed him; and there was a gathering against Diarmuid, because the protection of Columba and the sons of Erc was violated. Some combine

those two stories as the cause of the conflict between the Northern and Southern Hy Neill.

All agree that Columba had something to do with this battle, although it is impossible now to determine what his share was. Some have assumed that Columba was so angry at the decision of Diarmuid about the Psalter that he stirred up his friends to attack him. And thus a good deal has been said about Columba's violent temper and haughty bearing. It is further said that he was excommunicated, and doomed to perpetual exile from Erin, or, at least, until he should win as many souls as he had caused to be killed at Culdremhne ; and that this was the cause of his going to Iona. But, when 'we sift our evidence, we find those statements, for the most part, conjectural. Adamnan tells that he "was excommunicated by a certain synod for some venial and trifling reasons, and not justly, as afterwards appeared in the end". Brenden of Birr defended him, and the sentence was rescinded at the same meeting at which it was passed ; so that there is nothing to connect this momentary and unjust excommunication with Culdremhne. Again, there was no perpetual exile, for he continued to visit his monasteries in Erin, while he was Abbot of Iona ; and we find him also at the Council of Drumceat. And Adamnan further says that he resolved "to seek a foreign country for the love of Christ," which statement we prefer to believe. What we know of the after-life of Columba is contradictory of anything like a mean quarrel, in the time that we

do not know so well. It is quite likely that the *Chronicon Scotorum* is right when it says:—"The battle of Cuil Dremne, *i.e.*, for transgressions, *was gained* over Diarmaid Mac Cerbhaill. Fergus and Domhnall, the two sons of Mac Erca; and Ainmire, son of Senna; and Ninnidh, son of Duach: and Aedh, son of Eochaidh Tirmcarna, King of Connacht, were the victors through the prayers of Colum Cille". Those believing Irishmen regarded Columba's prayers as taking a very real part in the battle, even to the extent of gaining the victory. The cause of the battle, as given in the *Chronicon Scotorum*, is the "murder of Cornan, son of Aedh, son of Eochaidh, King of Connacht, by Diarmaid Mac Cerbhaill, against the protection of Colum Cille".

The prayer of Columba on this occasion is given in the *Chronicon Scotorum*. A note says that in the last line there is evidently some corruption of the text. The following is a modification of the translation given in the edition of 1866 by W. M. Henessey:

"O God,
 Why dost Thou not withdraw the mist
 That we might count the numbered host
 Of those, our right who took from us !—
 A host that marches round a cairn,
 A son of storm, us to betray.
 My Druid, He will not refuse my plea—
 He is the Son of God, with us He'll act.
 How grandly bears his onward course—
 The steed of Baedan—on before the host.
 Well done for Baedan, of the yellow hair,
 He his renown will win on him."

A battle on a misty day—a host stealing round a cairn to surprise the Dalriadans—Baedan, the yellow-haired, riding gallantly on before—Columba praying for his friends—the victory of the Dalriadans—that is all the glimpse we get of Culdremhne.

But there comes to us from that old time a curious relic in the shape of the Cathach itself—a very old manuscript—the property of the head of the O'Donnells, which may be seen to-day, surviving all the battles and the troubles. Its silver case was engraved by Cathbarr Ua Domhnaill (1038-1106, A.D.), some 800 years ago. It was called “the Cathach” or “battle-maker,” from the story of Culdremhne; and there seems no good reason for doubting that it is the veritable manuscript which Columba wrote, and which old Finnian called the “son-book” of his Psalter.

Culdremhne was fought in 561, A.D. The next entry of importance to us here is “563, A.D., Columba sailed from Hibernia and came to Iona; his first night in Alban was Pentecost,” meaning the eve of Pentecost. It is said that he sailed from one island to another, until he came to one from which he could not see Ireland, fearing that the sight of his native land might tempt him to return, which is quite possible, without the idea of exile imposed upon him. He had twelve companions with him. Their names were Baithene and Cobthach, sons of Brenden; Ernan, Columba's uncle; Diormit, his ministrator; Rus and Fechno, sons of Rodain; Scandail, son of Bresail; Luguid Mocuthemne; Echoid; Tochannu

Mocufir-cetea ; Cairnan, son of Branduib ; and Grillaan. His relative, Conall, king of Dalriada in Alban, gave the island, which was then known as Hy, or Hii, or Hia. It was also known as the Iouan island, from which it soon came to be called Iona—seemingly, at first, from a mistake of the ‘u’ for ‘n’ in manuscript, and then from the suggestion thereby arising of Iona or Jonah. Adamnan says that Columba “received the same name as Jona the prophet, for, although of different sound in the three languages, yet it signifies one and the same thing ; what in Hebrew is called Jona, in Greek is called Peristera, and in the Latin tongue it is called Columba” (*i.e.* a dove).

Bede says that Columba came to Britain in 565, A.D., and got the island of Iona from the Picts. Bede takes the year of his going to visit king Bruidi for the year of his coming to Iona. That he is mistaken is shown by the dates of the Irish chronicles, which, in this case, are more likely to be correct ; and, further, by the fact that, when Columba went to see Bruidi, the fortress gates were shut upon him. The Pictish king would not be likely to give him an island before his own conversion. Further, it does not appear that Bruidi ever possessed Iona. Again Adamnan says that, about two years after the battle of Culdremhne, Columba was with King Connall. He was two years or thereby in Britain before he went to Inverness to visit the king of the Picts. Human events take time, and he had to make his home and provision for the support of himself and his

monks. When all that was settled he went into hostile territory, that he might preach the gospel to the king and people who had defeated his friends and driven them across Drumalban.

Bruidi's fortress was on the banks of the Ness—on or near the site of Inverness. He would not see Columba—would not allow him within the gates of his town. The Druids or Magi, too, opposed him, not forcibly, for no hand seems to have been laid on him or his, but with stern determination that he and the new faith should find no entrance among them. It was evening, and though there was neither church nor altar, Columba and his monks would not give up their evensong ; so they began chanting their evening hymns "according to custom". Some Druids, coming near them, tried to prevent them, "lest from their mouths the sound of divine praise should be heard among Gentile people". Columba began to sing the 44th psalm. His was a wonderful voice ; it could be heard distinctly sometimes 500 and sometimes 1000 paces off, and yet it did not seem to those near him to be louder than others. Those who have lived in the highlands of Scotland will not question Adamnan's statement. The present writer has heard a voice, and distinguished words, at more than twice the distance mentioned ; and, frequently, voices that carry far have the peculiarity here noted, that they do not seem very loud to those near them. When Columba sang this psalm before Bruidi's fortress, Adamnan says that his voice "rose in the air like

some terrible thunder, so that the king and people were struck with insupportable fear”.

It was a scene worthy of a painter's art—the quiet evening—the purple heather—the bright, still Ness—the closed gates—the Druids, trying to stop the song. The sound of that marvellous voice, with its strange, rich melody in the sonorous Latin tongue rising up to summer evening sky, penetrating the fortress and even the palace of the king, was terrible to those warlike Picts. Do those who now sing that song in Inverness know who first sang it there and under what circumstances?

Adamnan says that Columba advanced to the “folding-doors” and made thereon the sign of the cross, and laid his hand on the gate, and that it opened to him of its own accord. And the king came out of the palace in all haste, and received his visitor with conciliatory language and great respect. But, passing that, what is certain is, that it was the power of the cross that ultimately opened Bruidi's heart as well as his fortress. For the king believed and was baptized; and Columba, and the monks of Iona, were frequent and welcome guests in that palace home.

One of Columba's first converts was a peasant who, “with his whole family, believed, hearing the Word of Life through an interpreter, the holy man preaching”. Here some, who hold that the Picts and Scots were the same people, and spoke the same language, suggest an official in the church, called an inter-

preter, whose office was to read the Scriptures, or to translate them into Gaelic, and perhaps also to explain the difficult passages ; so that this need not prove that the Picts spoke a different language from Columba. As if the carefully-educated Columba did not know his Latin Bible well enough to read it and translate it, and needed to get a monk to do it for him ; or as if preaching, in the above sentence, means reading the Bible. If, from other sources, we knew that the Picts spoke Gaelic, or a dialect of the Gaelic, we might wonder at such an expression in Adamnan, and seek some explanation. But, as we do not find from other sources that they spoke Gaelic, but indications are rather the other way, we must allow the words to have their plain meaning. It must surely be admitted that Adamnan, the head of all Columba's monasteries in Pictland, knew the Pictish language well enough, not to be guilty of the absurdity of repeating the story of the "Interpres," if he knew that the language of the Scots was intelligible to the Picts of Alban.

A few days after the conversion of this peasant, his son took ill and died. Columba went to the poor man's house and tried to comfort the family, and he and the bereaved father went in beside the dead boy. There Columba, on bended knees, with face all bedewed with tears, prayed to Christ the Lord, and, after rising from his kneeling posture, he turned his eyes towards the dead, saying, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ revive and stand upon thy feet".

And Adamnan says that "the dead one opened his eyes and revived".

Is Adamnan telling us the exact truth? or did this story grow up from the wish to attribute wonderful things to Columba? or was it a case of suspended animation?

The age of miracles, and the age of *faith* in miracles, are two different things. Men may lose their faith in the "powers of the world to come"; but does the age of miracles therefore cease? We are living in a time when it is fashionable to disbelieve, or try to "explain," all that is wonderful—when men see nothing miraculous in their sleeping and waking, in their birth and their life. And yet there is a most wonderful belief in "ultimate atoms," which men have never seen, and also in their concourse, fortuitous or other, and the results thereof. It seems to be forgotten that, whether it be the minutest invisible atom, or the earth we tread on, the questions of creation, sustenance, and force are just the same. The bulk of a thing has nothing to do with its origin. We are no nearer the "explanation" of Being with atoms than with worlds. Be it the minutest atom, there is always something there beyond itself. It is not strange that, in such an age, those things that are so remote from any possible analysis should be neither seen, nor expected, nor believed in.

But should Christian men, who profess to believe their Bible, doubt the possibility of miracles? What then of the promises of our Lord? Or how many

years were John xiv. 12, and Mark xvi. 17-18, intended to cover? Should not Christian men rather wonder that things that are now regarded as so uncommon, and even incredible, are so abundant in the records of the New Testament? If those things were indeed the "earnest (*Scotice* 'arles') of the Spirit," surely a very serious question arises as to that "earnest" itself. Has it grown weak, or have we grown sceptical, when those things are so rare? He who faithfully weighs that question will find that it runs deeper and further than he may think at first sight; and that it is more important than theories of inspiration, by which men lose inspiration, or theories of miracles, by which men lose both their faith in miracles and their expectation of them. For surely inspiration is better than theories about it, and "the powers of the world to come" are more than the question of *how* they can be. And let us take good heed lest, in questioning about miracles in the past, we fail to see them in the present.

As to the raising of this Pictish boy, and other miraculous things told by Adamnan, it is quite immaterial to our general purpose whether it be regarded as credible or incredible. It rests on the testimony of Cumine and Adamnan, that is all. Let it be clearly understood that we are here trying to see what was in the Church in Scotland, among Columba's clergy, in those early days—what was their faith and practice, and what their hope—and not to be their defender or their judge. Although Columba bulks so largely

in our pages, it is not our prime object to see him. It so happens that it is only through him that we can see what was in the Church in Scotland at that time. The setting of those things which Adamnan narrates gives us what we want. That setting, being altogether incidental to Adamnan's main purpose, cannot be called in question, whatever may be thought of vision, or miracle, or prophecy. There are things in Adamnan that we cannot believe, though even they may have real events behind them. We have not attempted to separate the credible from the incredible in them, which were, indeed, a useless task, seeing those quantities must vary with the cast of the reader's mind. We have dropped altogether the most extravagant of the things told. For the rest we give either the part or the whole of the incidents which we have gathered as best suits our present purpose. Others have inferred more than we do, and their inferences are often fairly legitimate. We have inferred nothing, choosing only to keep by what is definitely stated, and using the pages of Adamnan, who has transferred nearly the whole of Cumine's Life of Columba, so that in him we have both. Think of the miraculous things as we may, we cannot escape the conclusion that the kind of services and the life described were veritably those that were in Iona in Columba's time. If there is one thing more than another evident, it is the tenacity with which the Columban clergy clung to what Columba had taught them. At the Synod of Whitby, when the Easter cycle

was being discussed, Colman's chief argument was that Columba had reckoned it so. And, even when Adamnan adopted the Roman cycle, all his efforts could not carry his own clergy with him. They chose rather to be driven out of Pictland than to give it up. This was but a local custom, which was never regarded as heresy by the opponents of the Scottish practice. Further, let it be remembered that Cumine's abbacy began 60 years, and Adamnan's 82 years after Columba's death ; and that Adamnan, the later of the two, got some of his information from Columba's contemporaries. Is it credible that within that time those who so clung to a local custom because it was Columba's would have changed his practice on those matters which were of vital moment, or would have introduced forms, and ceremonies, and language to which he was opposed ? And, if they had done so, is it credible that no notice of such a change should appear in any known record ? If it be argued that Adamnan, having adopted the Roman Easter, would therefore give things a Roman colouring, let it be further considered that there is no note of difference between the clergy of Rome and of Iona on any other point than Easter and the Tonsure. There was no other question mooted then, to which a Roman colouring might have been given. There was no question as to the orders of ministry, or the Holy Eucharist, or the altar. On those and several other things all were in accord. If any one supposes that Cumine and Adamnan foresaw the times of Luther

and Zuingli, and Calvin, and Knox, and wrote with a view to the controversies then seven centuries distant in the future, he need not hesitate about believing the most extravagant miracle that has found its way into Adamnan's pages. Further, no one who knows anything about it questions the authenticity of the *Lives of Cumine and Adamnan*. But, if those could be set aside, there remains the evidence, direct and indirect, of Bede and others, which, as they stand, all go to confirm them. If, however, they, and all that goes to confirm them, could be set aside, the same act that would obliterate them, would blot out the whole thing, and with it the very possibility of proving anything about it. Either those things were as we find them in those writers, or we can know nothing about them. In either case, things that have been imagined about Iona are proved to be but imaginary. Let it be remembered all through that this is a question of historic truth. These are our evidences. Thus they speak, and thus only.

Broichan was the principal Druid who opposed Columba. He was the tutor of King Bruidi. Let those who wish to learn further how he is said to have been vanquished by Columba read the pages of Adamnan. We meet here, however, with a Scottish girl, a slave in the house of Broichan—suggestive of what followed that flight of the Albanich before the Picts. We see Columba sailing on the Ness. We see also Lugne Mocumin, the messenger of King Riderch, swimming across the river at Columba's

bidding to bring over a coble, although it was said there was a strange sea-monster in the river.

Once when Columba was in Skye, Artbranan sailed across to him—an old man, decrepit, and sitting on the prow of his boat. Two young men lifted him out of the boat, and carried him to Columba. They could not understand each other's language, and, through an interpreter, Columba instructed the old man, who had come to learn the word of life. Then he baptized him. The old man died there and was buried, and they raised a cairn over him, which was there in Adamnan's day. And the people of Skye called the river where he was baptized Dobur Artbranan. Columba said of him that he was "an old gentile, keeping natural good through all his life"—a man of faith it would seem, doing what good he knew. This old man was chief of the "Geona cohort". Would that Adamnan had told us what the Geona cohort was.

Travelling once near Loch Ness, being "suddenly inspired by the Holy Spirit," he hurried his companions forward to Airchart-dan, *i.e.*, Glen Urquhart, that he might baptize another old man who was near his death, and whom he also spoke of as "preserving natural good through all his life, even to extreme old age". This man's name was Emchat, and he believed and was baptized. "And forthwith, joyful and safe, with the angels meeting him, he passed with them to the Lord." His son Virolec, also, with all his household, believed and was baptized.

We find Columba ministering to the poor, sharing their hospitality, and giving them his blessing. One Nesan, the crooked, a poor man, in Lochaber, entertained him hospitably as well as his means could afford. One Columban, also, who lived at Ardnamurchan, was very poor, yet in his poverty he received Columba as his guest, and also did many acts of kindness to him ; and between him and Columba there was great love. We find another poor man from Lochaber "who had not wherewithal to feed his wife and little children," and Columba gave him all the alms he could. And in this we see that his ministry was among the poor of the land as well as the rich, and also that he numbered the poor among his friends.

Anon we find him a guest in the palace of Bruidi. Cormac had gone to seek a hermit home, a deserted place, "and had sailed far from the land over the boundless ocean". There was a certain ruler of the Orkneys with King Bruidi, whose hostages the king of the Picts held. And Columba asked King Bruidi to give this prince charge concerning Cormac, that no hurt might come to him. And Cormac reached the Orkneys and owed his life to this charge. This shows how far the power of the Pictish king extended.

There came from Erin a Scot name Macarius. Him Columba sent out, that he might go across Pictland to where he should see a river, winding so as to form the likeness of a bishop's staff. He and his companions crossed the Mounth (now the Grampians),

and came to where the Don flowed out to join the sea. In the winding of that stream in its ancient course, which it has changed since then, they saw the shepherd's crook. There they built a church, which was afterwards called St. Machar's Church, and its wide parish now holds half of Aberdeen. The place was afterwards called "the Alton (or 'high ground') of Seaton". Anglicizers thought it meant "Auld Toon," and they made it Old Aberdeen—whereas there never was an Old Aberdeen there. The people still call it, in strictest accuracy, "the Alton". The name of Aberdeen first emerges in its oldest form in the Norse *Aperdeon*, i.e., *Aper-De-Don*—the town that stood on the Dee and the Don (with the *aber* compare *ὑπερ*, *über*, *over*: the De or Tay was a name of several rivers; the Don is a name even more widely spread), for those two rivers anciently flowed into the sea almost together (Grub's *Eccl. Hist.*, Vol. I., pp. 54, 55).

In the Book of Deer, we get a glimpse of Columba in the north-east of Pictland. He and his pupil, Drostan, son of Cosgrach, came from Iona to Aberdour, "as God had shown them"; and Bede, the Pict, Mormaer of Buchan, gave them that town "in freedom for ever, from Mormaer and Tosech". They came to another town, which was "full of God's grace," and it pleased Columba, and he asked Bede to give him that town also, but he refused. The son of Bede became ill, and was near to death, so Bede went to the clerics and asked them to pray for his son, and he gave "in

offering to them from Cloch-in-tiprat to Cloch-pette-mic-Garnait". Prayer was made, and health came to Bede's son. When Columba was leaving, he blessed that town, saying: "Whosoever shall come against it, let him not be many-yearred (or) victorious". Drostan wept as he parted from Columba, who said: "Let Dear be its name henceforward," *i.e.*, from *deara*, tears. Then follow certain grants to the Church of Dear, or Deer, among which "Maelcoluim, son of Maelbrigte, gave the Delerc," and "Maelsnechte, son of Lulog, gave Pett-maelduil to Drostan". Those grants are entered by a later hand, somewhere in the 11th or 12th century. The 'Mormaer' and 'Tosech' also seem names of a later time than Columba's. The entry in the Book of Deer is in Gaelic. Maelcoluim was the cousin of Macbeth, and Lulog, or Lulach, was the son of 'Lady Macbeth,' or Gruoch, and nephew of Maelcoluim. Macbeth was a Scot, descended from the house of Lorn. His genealogy may be found in the Books of Ballimote and Lecain. He was the heir of the Kingdom of Moray, and his wife's son, Lulach, was nearest heir of the Kingdom of Scone, uniting in himself the two lines of Fergus and Lorn. A Scottish dynasty had come northward, and ruled over the Picts in the land where Bruidi, son of Maelcon, held supreme sway. They appear in the 11th and 12th centuries as endowing the Church of Deer, which had been founded 500 years before by Columba, who was one of their father's house.

CHAPTER V.

AIDAN'S CORONATION.



IN 574, A.D., Conall, son of Comgall, king of the New Dalriada, died, and the succession, according to that custom of the Scots which is known as Tanistic, reverted to the sons of Gabran. Eogenan, or Iogenan, was the son whom Columba loved most, and he wished him to succeed. While Columba was in Eilan-na-Naoimh (Hinba), he saw, "in ecstasy of mind, an angel of the Lord sent to him, who had in his hand the glassy book of the ordination of kings". Columba got it from him and began to read it. "And when he refused to ordain Aidan king, according to what was commended in that book, because he loved Iogenan, his brother, more, suddenly the angel, stretching out his hand, smote the holy man with a scourge, the livid mark of which remained in his side all the days of his life ; and this word he added, 'Know for certain that I have been sent to thee by God with the glassy book, that, according to the words which thou hast read in

it, thou shouldst ordain Aidan to the kingdom ; but if thou refuse to obey this command, I shall smite thee again'." On three successive nights the angel appeared with the book of glass in his hand, and Columba sailed across to Iona, and thither Aidan came to meet him. There Columba ordained Aidan king. "And, between the words of ordination, he prophesied future things of his sons, and of his grandsons, and of his great-grandsons ; and laying his hand upon his head ordaining him, he blessed him." And the words which he then spoke Adamnan copied from Cumine the White as follows :—"Undoubtingly believe, O Aidan, that none of thy adversaries shall be able to resist thee, unless first thou doest fraud to me and my posterity" (*i.e.*, 'the posterity of my kin'—the Irish Dalriadans—for Columba had no posterity). "On this account, therefore, charge thy sons, that they also may charge their sons and grandsons and their posterity, lest by their evil counsels they lose from their hands the sceptre of this kingdom. For in the time that they shall act against me, or against my relatives who are in Hibernia, the scourge which, on account of thee, I sustained from the angel shall be turned into a great scourging by the hand of God over them, and the heart of heroes shall be taken away from them, and their enemies shall be greatly strengthened over them." Adamnan adds—"This prediction has been fulfilled in our times by Donald Brecc, grandson of Aidan, devastating the country of Donald, grandson of Ainmuireg, without cause ; and

from that day even to this they are trodden down by foreigners, which strikes the heart with the sighing of sorrow."

Skene says of this, by way of explanation, that "it is more probable that he (Columba) was led to prefer Aidan from his possessing qualities which pointed him out as the fittest man to redeem the fortunes of the Dalriads, and took this mode of giving sanction to his choice," a thing which we can by no means believe, as it would involve a deliberate lie on the part of Columba as well as a pretended preference for another. There is nothing in the narrative to suggest falsehood, and it were sheer recklessness to impute it. Whatever be thought of the vision, whether it be explained or unexplained, Aidan was made king. This is the first consecration of a king in Britain that we have any definite record of. It was an Irish king who was consecrated by an Irish priest; and the effects of that act, done in the small island of Iona, are with us to this day.

After this Columba asked King Aidan about his successor. Aidan replied that he did not know which of his three sons, Artur, Eochoid Find, or Domangart, should succeed him. "None of those three," said Columba, "for they shall fall in battle slain by their enemies; but now, if thou hast other sons younger let them come to me, and he whom the Lord shall choose from them as king shall quickly run to my lap." And when they were called, Eochoid Buidhe, *i.e.*, "the yellow-haired," ran to Columba and

was folded in his bosom. And Columba blessed the yellow-haired boy, and said, "This is the survivor, and he shall reign after thee, and his sons shall reign after him". And Eochoid Buidhe succeeded his father in the kingdom, and it is said that he had "a glorious career". And his sons—Conad Cerr, the first we read of the name of Cerr, from whom it is said came the Clan Cerr, *i.e.*, the Clan of Kenneth MacAlpin; and Donald Brecc, who brought evil on his race; and Conall Crandomna—all succeeded their father.

The "great scourging" came through the Engles of Northumbria. The family of Aidan lost the sovereignty of Dalriada, and the house of Lorn came to the front. But Aidan's line continued to hold a limited and subordinate sway in Kintyre, until it emerged again from obscurity in the person of Kenneth MacAlpin, who united the greater part of the Picts and all the Scots of Little Dalriada in one kingdom, which continued for a time to be called Pictavia. Then for a time it resumed its old name of Alban or Albania. Then it gradually took the name of Scotia under protest, and, finally, being extended to the border, it took and kept the name of Scotland. The line of Aidan held the throne—at first mainly by Tanistic, and afterwards by direct succession—till Alexander III. Then, reverting to the female line, it gave the claimants, Baliol and Comyn, and Robert the Bruce, who won the kingdom. Then, again by the female line, it gave the Stewart dynasty. And, finally, in June, 1700, in the reign of the last

Stewart queen, the English Parliament, passing over the direct heir, declared the successor to be Sophia, Electress-Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James, Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. Thus came in the House of Hanover. And she who now is Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, is the descendant of him who was consecrated king in Iona, in 574, A.D., by Columba, who, in dream or vision, had read his name in the "glassy book".

The stone on which the sovereigns of Britain are crowned, which has been called the "Stone of Destiny," first appears definitely in history as the coronation seat of the kings of the line of Aidan. And the royal family of which he came was reigning in Ireland long before Hengst and Horsa set foot on the Isle of Thanet—appearing definitely in the time of Patrick, and we venture not to guess how long before.

Hitherto the New Dalriada had been dependent on the mother kingdom of Dalriada in Ireland—paying tribute, and sending levies of men when needed. Aidan and Columba wished all this to cease. Aid, son of Ainmure, was king of Dalriada in Ireland. There was a meeting of the kings at Drumceat, and Columba was there. The counsel given by a youth named Colman, son of Comgellan, commended itself to the judgment of all, and became the decision of that synod. It was that the tribute should cease, but that "their expeditions and hostings be with the men

of Erin always, for hostings always belong to the parent stock". And so, from being a dependent kingdom, Little Dalriada became independent in 575, A.D. ; being bound to the mother country only by a defensive alliance. Other matters too were discussed—the release of one Scanlann Mor, which Columba could not obtain—and the position of the bards, whom he succeeded in partially protecting. Being himself a poet, he would have very kindly feelings for the bards.

At Drumceat, Columba met Comgall, an Irish Pict, his fellow student, now an abbot. They were sitting together near the fort on a calm summer day, and water was brought from a well to wash their hands. Columba said, "A day shall come, O Comgall, when that well from which this water, now poured out for us, has been brought shall be fit for no human use". He went on to tell how the Irish Picts and the Dalriadans—"thy relatives and mine"—should fight, and one of his own relatives should be slain and his blood should mingle with the water, and, with the blood of others, should fill it up. And, years afterwards, old Finan, the anchorite, saw a battle at Giant's Sconce, near Coleraine ; and he saw a man's body in the well, and came to the monastery of St. Comgall at Cambas-on-the-Bann and told what he saw. And two old monks were there who had heard Columba speak those words. It was Finan, the anchorite, who told it to Adamnan.

Once while Aidan was king, Columba said suddenly

to Diormit, "Ring the bell". The monks hurried to the church, and Columba, on bended knees, said, "Now let us pray the Lord earnestly for this people and Aidan the king, for at this hour they go into battle". Then, after a short time, he went out, and looking to the heavens he said, "Now the barbarians are put to flight, and to Aidan the victory has been given, though it is a sad one". This was the battle of Miathi, fought between Aidan and the Engles of Northumbria. The victory was Aidan's, yet it was indeed a sad one, for he lost his two sons, Artur and Eochoid Find, with 303 slain.

When Columba was founding Durrow (553, A.D.), he went to visit St. Ceran's monastery at Clonmacnoise. There was a boy there named Ernene, "mean in face and dress," who was in bad odour with his superiors. He drew near, all full of reverence, wishing just to touch Columba's cloak. Columba saw it, and, stopping suddenly, he caught the urchin by the neck and dragged him round in front. The bystanders said, "Send him away, send him away; why keep hold of this unhappy and mischievous boy?" But Columba said, "Wait, brethren—wait a little". Then he said to the boy, "Open thy mouth and put out thy tongue". The boy, in great terror, did as he was bid. Then Columba, "stretching out his hand" and carefully blessing him (or his tongue), said prophetically, "This boy, although to you he seems now despicable and very vile, yet let no one despise him for that, for from this hour not only will he not displease you, but

he will please you very much ; and in good manners and in virtues of soul he will gradually increase day by day. Wisdom, also, and prudence shall be more and more increased in him from this day, and his profiting (*profectus*) shall be great in your congregation. His tongue, also, shall be gifted by God both with sound doctrine and eloquence." And this boy, Ernene, became afterwards "famous and very notable through all the churches of Scotia". They called him *Mernoc*, which means "my young Ernene"; and from Mernoc come Inchmarnock and Kilmarnock (*i.e.*, "the church of my young Ernene"). Perhaps if we had more Columbas to bless the dull boys the results might be better.

Their houses in Iona were mostly of wicker-work. Once Columba sent his monks for willow wands to build a *hospitium*. They went to a poor man's little farm in Delcros and cut what twigs they wanted and brought them home in a ship of burden. The poor man was grieved at the loss. Columba sent him six measures of barley, "lest we scandalize the man"—*scandalizemus*, put a "scandal" or stumbling-block in the man's way, and he might trip over it. Columba would not injure the poor man.

Erc, a thief, came from Colonsay to Mull, where the monks had a lot of tame seals. He was going to kill and take away as many of the young seals as he could. He hid his boat and skulked among the sand-hills till night should come. But Columba knew it, and sent two brothers, Lugbe and Silnan, who brought

the man to Iona. Columba said to him, "Why dost thou, transgressing the divine command, often steal the property of others? When thou art in necessity, come to us and receive all thou needest." And then he ordered some wethers to be killed and given to Erc, that he might not go away empty. Some time after this, he bade Baithene take a fat sheep and six pecks of corn and go to Erc with them. But before he arrived Erc was dead, and the sheep was cooked for the funeral.

Once they were at sea, and the ship, "violently tossed, was struck with great force with huge piled-up masses of waves". Columba and all on board took to baling out the water, when they begged him rather to pray for them. "He ceased from throwing out the bitter water of the green sea-wave, and began to pour forth a sweet and earnest prayer to the Lord." He stood on the tossing prow, stretching his hands toward heaven in his prayer, until "the tempest of the air and the wildness of the sea" ceased, and a calm followed.

At another time Columba and his monks were at sea, and Cainnech (from whom Kilkenny) at Aghaboe in Queen's County, who had just sat down to dinner, suddenly felt that he must pray for them. He went from the table so hurriedly that he left one of his shoes behind him and ran to the church and offered prayer for Columba at sea. And Adamnan tells how God heard his prayer and delivered them in their peril.

There was one Lugne Tudida, a pilot, of the island

of Rathlin, who was deformed. For this cause his wife got to hate him and wanted the marriage bond dissolved. So the pair came to Columba, and the woman wanted to get into a monastery of women, or anywhere, or anything, to get rid of Lugne. Columba said to her, "It is not possible that what you say can righteously be done, for while your husband lives you are bound by the law of your husband ; for whom God has joined in lawful union, it is unlawful to separate". But he went on to say, "This day let us three, I and the husband, with his wife, pray to the Lord fasting". So they agreed, and Columba spent a sleepless night praying for them. And the woman's feeling was changed from hatred to love, and the two went away happy, and remained so to their life's end. Should not quarrelsome couples make a note of it and try Columba's plan—fasting and praying? Columba was right: divorce is sternly forbidden in the Church of Christ.

Columban, the poor man whom Columba loved, and from whom he had received many kindnesses, was twice plundered by one Joan, son of Conall, son of Domnall, of the royal family. Joan plundered him a third time, and as he was carrying off whatever he could find, Columba met him and "accused him of his evil deeds, and, beseeching him, advised him to lay down the plunder. He, remaining fierce and incorrigible (*immitis et insuadibilis*), despised the holy man, and entering the ship with the plunder, made grimaces at the blessed man and derided him. Him (the holy

man) followed even to the sea"—(it was in the harbour of Ardnamurchan)—"and entering the clear sea water even up to the knees, with both hands raised to heaven, intently prays to Christ who glorifies His own elect who glorify Him". Then Columba returned to the dry land, and, sitting down on the rising ground, said, "This wretch, who has despised Christ in His servants, shall never return to the harbour from which he has lately sailed in your presence ; but, prevented by a sudden death, he, with his wicked coadjutors, shall not even come to the other lands which he seeks". And Adamnan tells how they were drowned in a storm between Mull and Colonsay.

This and some other incidents have been commented on as proofs of a violent temper in Columba, leading him to vent his wrath in curses. The following is from "Reeves' Adamnan" (*Edmonston & Douglas, 1874*), Introduction, p. xxxix. :—"Adamnan relates how he pursued a plunderer with curses, following the retiring boat into the sea until the water reached to his knees. We have an account also of his cursing a miser who neglected to extend hospitality to him. On another occasion he excommunicated some plunderers of the church ; and one of them afterwards perished in combat, being transfixed by a spear which was discharged in Columba's name." As to the incident of the miser, Adamnan tells it among Columba's predictions, but he says nothing of cursing. What we have seen in the incident of Joan is, Columba committing to the Judge of all the case of a poor

man who had been robbed, and predicting the drowning of the robber. If Columba's words were fulfilled, it was another power than his that did it; if they were not fulfilled, then what becomes of the story? We know that Columba could be stern enough, even though his name was from the dove, and though Adamnan says that his character answered his name. The gentleness of cultured heart and educated life is not inconsistent with the strength as of brass or the keenness as of steel. Columba's temper is no concern of ours. But cursing, as we now understand it, is the language of the coward. To represent Columba as pursuing anybody with curses, is to connect him with Billingsgate. We may believe the story or not as we please, for there is no obligation either way; but it is not permissible to import into it what is not there. It was not a man of violent temper, and capable of acting a lie in order to change the dynasty of a kingdom, who could retain the reverence of those monks for 34 years.

One incident told by Adamnan reveals some of Columba's darker hours, and also gives some hints of what those monks regarded as the work of demons. He says that Columba "saw, with his bodily eyes, hostile and countless crowds of demons warring against him, and beginning to bring deadly diseases on his monastic company". Columba went one day to a thicket or dell in Iona, seeking "a place more remote from men and fit for prayer". And then, when he began to pray, "he suddenly saw a black host of

demons fighting against him with iron darts". And for the greater part of a day that conflict lasted. Adamnan says he could not conquer them till the angels of God came to his help. Then the demons fled to Tiree to attack it. Columba was not scatheless, so far as his monasteries were concerned. None died in Iona, and only one in the plain of Lunge in Tiree, which Baithene had fortified by fasts and prayers against "the invasion of the demons". But in other monasteries in Tiree "many died of that disease". Look through Adamnan's tale and you will see a death-dealing disease among the monks and many falling by it, and Columba in a thicket of Iona, with gloom and sorrow on his soul, wrestling with demons. And, perhaps, this incident may be a helpful key to some others that Adamnan tells.

Another matter is of simple and touching interest. Adamnan tells it as a prophetic incident; we shall give it without the predictive element. A crane, tossed and driven about by the winds, came weary and exhausted to the shore of Iona. Columba gave it in charge to one of the brothers. He called it "a stranger from the north of Hibernia, . . . which thou shalt take care to lift up tenderly, and shalt carry it to a neighbouring house". And when he had fed it and refreshed it for three days, as it should be "unwilling further to tarry with us," it was to get free leave to return "to its former sweet country of Scotia (Ireland), where it was born; . . . which thus to thee I carefully commend, because it comes

from the land of our paternity". That brother did as he was bidden, and on the third day the crane soared high into the air in the presence of its kind host, and looking for a little at its path, "passing over the waters of the ocean, flying in a straight course, it sped back to Hibernia". Columba said to the monk who attended to the crane, "God bless thee, my son, because thou hast ministered kindly to our stranger guest". Was not it too a creature of God and cared for by Him? It was also a native of their native land. A little glimpse this into a deep patriotism. With what feelings must Columba and his monks often have looked out towards the south-west, as the long waves of the Atlantic rolled in on Iona; for there lay the sweet country of Scotia—feelings sternly repressed in obedience to duty as they knew it. We cannot think of it with indifference, for they came there to teach unto our forefathers the faith of Christ.

Once, when Columba was in Ireland, he was in the monastery of Trevet on the Lord's Day. "On the same day, hearing a certain presbyter consecrating (*conficientem*) the holy mysteries of the Eucharist, whom the brethren who dwelt there had chosen to perform the solemnities of the Mass, because they thought him very religious, suddenly he (*i.e.*, Columba) spoke this terrible word, 'The clean and the unclean are seen to be equally mingled, that is, the clean mysteries of the holy oblation are ministered by an unclean man, who conceals in his conscience a great sin'. All were astounded and trembling; but

the man himself confessed his sin before them all."

Aid the Black, a Pict by race, of royal family, but a murderer, came to Findchan, a presbyter, and after wearing the clerical habit and spending some time in retirement, he sought ordination. Findchan invited a bishop to ordain him. The bishop, however, did not venture to ordain him, "unless, first, the same Findchan . . . should place his right hand on his head for confirmation". This he did, and Columba afterwards sharply reproved Findchan, and foretold judgment on "that right hand which Findchan, against right and ecclesiastical law, laid on the head of the son of perdition". The ordination was by the bishop, and Columba condemned Findchan's act as both wrong and disorderly.

A bishop, named Cronan, from Munster, came to Iona, as if he were a presbyter. "Next Lord's Day, being bidden by the saint to consecrate (*conficere*) the Body of Christ according to custom, he asked the saint that, together, as two presbyters, they might break the Lord's Bread" (*i.e.*, the one assisting the other). "Then the saint, approaching to the altar, suddenly looking in his face, thus addressed him:— 'Christ bless thee, brother: do thou alone break this bread according to the episcopal rite? Now we know that thou art a bishop. Why hast thou attempted to hide thyself up till now, so that the reverence due by us to thee was not rendered?'"

At another time four bishops came to Iona to visit

Columba—namely, Comgell, Cainnech, Brenden, and Cormac. “They chose, with one consent, that St. Columba should consecrate the sacred mysteries of the Eucharist in the church in their presence. And he, obeying their command, enters the church along with them on the Lord’s Day, according to custom, after the reading of the Gospel ;* and there, while they were celebrating the solemnities of the Mass, St. Brenden Mocu Alti, as he afterwards told Comgell and Cainnech, saw a certain comet-like, fiery globe, and very luminous, on the head of St. Columba, who was standing before the altar and consecrating the holy oblation ; and (it continued) burning and ascending upwards like a column until they finished the most holy mysteries.”

On another occasion in Iona, Columba said to Diormit, his ministrator, “Let the holy service of the Eucharist be quickly prepared, for to-day is the natal

* It is not clear what Adamnan means by “entering the church after the reading of the Gospel” ; for the celebrant would ordinarily be standing at the altar while the Gospel was read. He may mean what is called in the Eastern Church the *Greater Introit*, which takes place after the reading of the Gospel, when the elements are brought up for oblation, as distinguished from the *Lesser Introit* or *Introit of the Holy Gospel*. Or he may merely indicate the division between the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful ; only the celebrant would not ordinarily enter the church then, but would be there from the beginning. But there may have been some local custom in Iona connected with the oblation of the elements, which may have been a divergence from the custom of Western Europe. We know that in other churches there were special local customs—as, for example, in the Cathedral Church of Lyons, when the Archbishop celebrated he occupied his seat behind the altar until the oblation of the bread and wine.

day of the blessed Brenden". Diormit asked him why, for no one had come to tell them of Brenden's death. "Go," said Columba; "thou oughtest to obey my command." And Brenden was commemorated in the Holy Eucharist.

At another time, "while the brethren, putting on their shoes in the morning, were preparing to go to the different labours of the monastery," he bade them rest that day, "and prepare the rites of the holy oblation; and that some addition be made to their dinner (*prandioli*) as on the Lord's Day. 'I must to-day, although unworthy, celebrate the holy mysteries of the Eucharist in veneration of that soul which, borne among the holy choirs of angels, ascends beyond the starry spaces of the heavens.'" So they prepared for the "sacred service," and "proceeded to the church with the saint in white vestments (*albat*) as on a Feast Day. And it happened when, among such offices as (are rendered) with modulation (*inter talia cum modulatione officia*), that accustomed prayer was sung, in which the name of St. Martin is commemorated, suddenly the saint said to the singers (*cantores*) as they were coming to the place of his name, 'To-day ye ought to chant (*decantare*) for St. Columban!' Then they all knew that Columban was dead." Adamnan gives both cases as instances of prophetic revelation. We shall return to the expressions used in them afterwards.

Cailtran was the superior of a cell on Loch Awe. Columba knew that he was near his death, and sent

for him to come without any delay, and thus addressed him :—" O Cailtran, thou hast well done in obediently hastening to me ; I sent to call thee to me, loving thee as a friend, that here with me thou mayest finish the course of thy life in true obedience (*in vera obedientia*)."

A man of humble birth had murdered some one in Ireland, and had been saved from prison by a wealthy relative. He bound himself by an oath to serve that friend all his days ; but he was ashamed to serve man, and broke his oath after a few days, and went to Columba that he might get forgiveness and might serve God. Columba, however, would not receive him on those terms. First he put before him "the hard and laborious monasterial rule" (*dura et laboriosa monasterialia imperia*). When the man persisted, Columba said, "Thou must fulfil a seven years' penance in Tíree (Ethica) . . . After fulfilling the seven years, as has been said, come to me in the Forty Days that thou mayest approach the altar in the Paschal Festival and receive the Eucharist." The man obeyed, "and after keeping the Feast of Easter (*Paschae*), in which he approached the altar as he was bidden," Columba had further instructions for him. His oath to his earthly master must not be forgotten under the plea of serving God. He was to go back to his master and carry a ransom for his liberty. Columba furnished him with the means—a sword ornamented with carved ivory. His master would not take the ransom, but set him free by the token of

unloosing the girdle of the slave. Then further he must remain and make good "the pious duty for so long time due to his father, but neglected"; and on his father's death, he was still to wait until his younger brother undertook to fulfil "every work of pious affection" which he owed to his mother. When he had done all this, he returned to Iona a free man, and therefore they called him Libran. When he was legitimately free from every earthly obligation, Columba received him as a monk, and said to him, "Not in Britain but in Scotia shalt thou rise from the dead. . . . In one of my monasteries thou shalt die, and with my chosen monks shall be thy part in the kingdom; and with them thou shalt awake from the sleep of death into the resurrection of life." Such was their hope in the resurrection, although the celebrating with white vestments and the addition to their dinner was hardly expressive of the sorrow of death.

Columba, when at Drumceatt, went to visit Conall, Bishop of Coleraine, and Conall prepared a *hospitium* for him. Many offerings were collected in the court of the monastery, and were laid out for benediction. Columba said of the gift of a rich man, "The mercy of God attends the man whose is this gift for his mercy to the poor and for his bounty". Of another he said, "I can in no wise partake of this gift of a wise and avaricious man, unless first he do true penance (*pœnitudinem egerit*) for the sin of avarice". This was quickly told Columb, son of Aid, whose the gift was, and he ran forward and on bended knees did penance

(*pœnitentiam agit*), and promised to renounce avarice and follow bounty, with amendment of morals. Columba "bade him arise, and from that hour he was healed of the vice of parsimony (*tenacitatis*—in Scotch, 'grippiness'); for he was a wise man". Then the bountiful rich man, whose name was Brenden, hearing what Columba said about him, came forward and, kneeling down, asked him to pray to the Lord for him. But Columba first reproved him for certain sins of his, and "he, doing penance (*pœnitudinem gerens*), promised for the rest that he would amend. And so each was corrected and healed of his peculiar vices".

Of the monks of Iona or connected with it, there are a few names that it may be of interest to write down here.

There was one Brito (or the Briton), who was seized with an evil disease and was near his end. Columba helped him to bed and blessed him, and went out and walked in the little court, "not wishing to see him die". And Aidan, the son of Libir, "a religious man of good disposition," was the only other one beside him. Brito was the first who died in Iona.

Old Ernan, Columba's uncle, came across with him, and was sent, obedient to his nephew, to preside over a monastery in Eilean-na-Naoimh (Hinba). When Columba kissed him at parting, he said he did not expect to see him alive again in this world. Ernan was sick, and wished to be taken back to Iona to see Columba ere he died. Columba saw him coming, and

hurried to meet him ; and old Ernan, though at the point of death, tried hard to walk up from the harbour. But while they were yet twenty paces distant from each other, he sank to the ground and died just at the door of the kiln. And two crosses were erected there—one at the door of the kiln, and another twenty paces nearer the monastery, where Columba was when Ernan sank in death, and there one or both of the crosses were standing when Adamnan wrote.

Diormit was Columba's attendant for 34 years. Once he was very ill, and Columba came to his bedside and invoked the name of Christ, and said, "Be favourable to me, O Lord, and take not away the soul of my devoted servant while I live". He was silent for a little, and then he said, "This, my boy, shall not only not die at this time, but shall live many years after my death".

Baithene, Columba's successor, was a man of faith. He was going to Tiree, and Columba warned him that a great whale was sporting between Iona and Tiree. "I and that beast are under the power of God," said Baithene. "Go in peace," said Columba, "thy faith in Christ shall protect thee from this danger."

We find Colga, son of Cellach, whose sister suffered from ophthalmia, sitting reading near Columba, and noting down his sayings on his tablet; Trena, a sailor monk; Berach, also, who was frightened by the afore-said whale; Laisran Mocumoie; Finten, a young man who took ill on a journey with Columba beyond

Drumalban ; Libran, already mentioned, who was called "of the Rush Ground," because for seven years his work had been gathering rushes ; two Saxons, also, whose names were Genere, the baker, and Pilu. There were two Lugnes or Lugbes—Lugne Mocublai, whom Columba loved very much, whom we see standing at his door with Pilu, the Saxon, in attendance on their abbot ; Lugne Mocumin, King Riderch's messenger, whose work in Iona was grinding corn. When this second Lugne was a young man ; he suffered much from bleeding at the nose, and Columba took his nose between his two fingers and stopped the bleeding. He once put his book carelessly under his arm and let it fall into a pail of water, though Columba had warned him. He it was who swam the Ness. In his old age he was head (*praepositus*) of a monastery in Eilean-na-Naoimh.

CHAPTER VI.

VISIONS—DEATH OF COLUMBA.



THOSE men who were around Columba and those who succeeded them in Iona believed in what we all profess to believe in, though modern faith in it is strangely slumberous—the presence and ministry of the angels of God. They firmly believed that the angels were there for their protection and comfort, and that when they died the angels met the souls of the departed. Adamnan relates many visions of angels, of which the principal is that of the Hill of Angels. Columba said one day, “I wish to go alone to-day to the western plain of our island ; let none of you therefore follow me”. But one brother, “a cunning explorator,” went by another road, and got on the top of a knoll, where he could see all that passed. And Adamnan says that the sight he saw was, “as I think, not without the permission of God”. He told that “holy angels, citizens of the heavenly fatherland, flying together with speed, clothed in white vesture, began to stand around the holy man as he prayed”. But the cunning, prying

monk had to acknowledge "his inexcusable transgression," and beg pardon on bended knees before all the brethren. The hill was named *Colliculus Angelorum*—in Gaelic, *Cnoc Angel*—and afterwards *Sithean Mor*. Mostly in the winter nights, when he was watching and praying while others slept, those heavenly visions were seen.

Once, when he was staying in Eilan-na-Naoimh (Hinba), there was something more than a vision. Adamnan calls it a "descent or visitation of the Holy Spirit," and says that "the grace of the Holy Spirit was poured out upon him abundantly and incomparably (*incomparabiliter*), and remained wonderfully for three days, so that for three days and as many nights, neither eating nor drinking, he permitted no one to approach him, remaining within the house, which was shut up and filled with celestial brightness. And from that house rays of intense brightness were seen by night breaking through the chinks of the doors and the keyholes. Certain spiritual songs, also, never heard before, were heard sung by him. And, as he himself undoubtedly declared afterwards in the presence of a few persons, he saw many secret things (*arcana*) from the beginning of the world, openly manifested; also certain obscure and difficult things of the Holy Scripture lay plain and open, clearer than the light to the eyes of his purified heart. And he lamented that Balthene, his *alumnus*, was not present, who, if he had happened to be present on those three days, could have written down, from the mouth of the blessed man, many

mysteries, whether of past ages or of those still future, that have been ignored by other men, also some explanations of the Sacred Volumes." But Baithene was detained in the island of Eig until that wondrous three days' visitation was past.

One winter night, when all were asleep, Virgnous, "burning with the love of God," went into the church and into a little side-chamber (*exedra*) to pray. And when he had been praying there for about an hour, Columba also entered "the sacred house". And Virgnous saw "a golden light descending from the highest height of heaven and filling all the space of the church". And he said, the "celestial clearness of that light" penetrated the slightly opened inner door of that separate apartment where he tried to hide himself. And he could not look on that "lightning-like and terrible splendour," and "was terrified exceedingly, so that no strength remained in him". And Colga, too, the son of Aid Draigniche, came by night and stood at the door of the church for some time praying; and suddenly he saw all the church filled with "celestial light, which, like lightning, vanished from his eyes quicker than a word". Columba afterwards reproved him, and said he should pray lest in mere curiosity he should pry into that light which was not granted to him, but fled from him.

Lugbe Mocublai once asked Columba how those revelations were made to him—whether "by sight or hearing, or some other mode unknown to men". Columba answered that it was a very subtle thing,

and he made Lugbe promise "by the name of the high God" never to reveal this "most obscure mystery" (*sacramentum*—sacramental thing) while he (*i.e.*, Columba) lived. Then he said: "There are some, although very few, on whom divine grace confers this, that they behold, clearly and manifestly, in the wondrously enlarged embrace of their mind, though not always, all the orb of the whole earth, with the circuit of the ocean and the sky, as if under one ray of sun". Adamnan says that though he seemed to be referring to others, yet, doubtless, he spoke of himself. That is all that Columba is recorded to have ever said about it. Adamnan says that he carefully hid from the knowledge of man many of those "secret mysteries" (*arcana sacramenta*) revealed to him by God, as he himself said, for two reasons—"to avoid ostentation, and that the published fame of his revelations might not attract to interrogate him intolerable crowds wishing to ask things concerning themselves". In short, he did not wish his more sacred and private experiences to be the means of making him an oracle to the superstition or the curiosity of his age. "For," says Adamnan, "holy and apostolic men, shunning vain glory, try to conceal as much as they can certain internal secrets (*arcana*) revealed to them inwardly by God." And surely such is the way of true reverence. From that to the modern "experience meeting," where men would tell their inward experience to the whole world if they could, what a road we have travelled.

Columba's years on earth were drawing to a close. One day two of his monks—the aforesaid Lugbe Mocublai and a Saxon named Pilu—were standing at the door of his hut. They saw his countenance lit up with a sudden joy, and after a little the expression of joy was changed to sadness. They asked him why it was, and he bade them go in peace and not ask him. But they pressed him, and he said, "Because I love you I am not willing to grieve you". Then he made them promise to keep it to themselves and not tell it to the curious until he was dead. And so he proceeded—"Even on this present day thrice ten years of my wandering in Britain have been fulfilled. Meanwhile, for many days before this I have devoutly prayed my Lord that at the end of this present thirtieth year He would loose me from my sojourning and call me thither to the celestial fatherland. And this was the cause of my joy, of which ye sorrowing asked me. For I saw the holy angels sent from the high throne to meet my soul as it was taken from the body. But, lo, now suddenly hindered, they stand on a rock beyond the strait of our island as if willing to receive me when I am called from the body. But they are not allowed to approach nearer, presently they will return to the height of the heavens ; because that which the Lord has granted to me, praying with all my strength, that on this day I should pass from the world to Himself, He has changed quicker than a word, hearing rather the prayers of many churches for me. And, indeed, to those praying churches so it has

been granted by the Lord that, although it be against my wish, four years from this day are added to me remaining in the flesh. This delay, so sorrowful to me, was not unfitly the cause of to-day's sorrow. And when, by God's favour, those four future years in this life are ended, I shall joyfully pass to the Lord with a swift passage, with no preceding illness of body, with the holy angels who at that time shall meet me." Columba was 73 years of age, and worn with toil, and we need not wonder that he wanted rest from the burden of the years beyond the three score and ten. Note well, however, the definiteness of their faith in the ministry of the angels. They were to them no shadowy entities—half real or relegated to a past time—but they were "standing on a rock" on the other side of the sound that divides Iona from Mull.

Four years after this, in the month of April, 597, A.D., he celebrated the Feast of Easter for the last time. One day, in the month of May of that year, they put "the old man, wearied with old age," into a cart, and took him to the western side of the island where the brethren were at work. He said to them :—"In the Paschal Festival (*solemnitate*), lately celebrated in the month of April, I earnestly desired (*desiderio desideravi*) to pass to Christ the Lord, as also had been granted to me by Him if I preferred it. But lest to you the festival of joy should be turned into sadness, I preferred the day of my passing from the world to be a little longer delayed." Then, standing in the cart, he turned his face to the east—the way

of the rising sun—and blessed the island and all that dwelt in it. Then a few days afterwards, “while they were celebrating the solemnities of the Mass (*solemnia missarum*), according to custom, on the Lord’s Day,” his face was seen lit up with a sudden ruddy glow. When they asked him the cause of it, he spoke of the wonderful subtlety of the angelic nature : for he had seen an angel of God within the precincts of the oratory, “sent to seek a certain deposit dear to God”; and the angel had looked down upon them in the church, and had returned again through the roof, and “left no trace of his passage”—always so definite about the reality of unseen things. The deposit he meant was his own soul, “entrusted to him by God”.

At the end of that week, on “the day of the Sabbath” (*i.e.*, Saturday, which they called, as the Italians still do, by its Jewish name), he went with Diormit to bless the barn. There were two heaps of winnowed corn there, and he thanked God that the monks would have food enough for the year. He said to Diormit there in the barn, “This day is called in the Sacred Volumes the Sabbath, which means rest. And to me, truly, this day is a Sabbath, because it is the last of this my present laborious life, in which after the weariness of my labours (*post meas laborationum molestias*), I shall rest (*sabbatizo*) ; and at the ensuing midnight of this the venerable Lord’s night, in the words of the Scriptures, I shall go the way of my fathers. Now my Lord Jesus Christ deigns to invite me, to whom, I say, at the middle of this night,

I shall pass, He Himself inviting me. For so it has been revealed to me by Himself." And Diormit, hearing the words, began to weep bitterly.

Then they left the barn, and wended their way back to the monastery, and Columba had to rest by the way. And, while they were sitting there, a white horse "that used, as an obedient servant, to carry the milk-pails between the byre and the monastery," came up and laid its head on Columba's breast, and made what mournful sounds it could. Diormit tried to put it away ; but Columba said, " Let him alone ; let one loving friend (*amatorem*) alone, that he may pour out into my bosom the sorrow of his bitter grief. Lo, thou, while thou art a man and hast a rational soul, canst in no way know of my departure, except what I myself have lately shown thee ; but to this brute and irrational animal, in some way the Creator Himself has willed, He has manifestly revealed that his master is about to leave him." And one of the many crosses of Iona was erected on that spot, "fixed in a millstone," and, says Adamnan, "it is seen by the side of the road".

Then he and Diormit went on their way, and ascended a little hill overlooking the monastery. It was Columba's last look of it from that place. He stood there for a little while, and then, raising both his hands, he blessed it and said, " On this place, though narrow and mean, not only the kings of the Scots with the people, but even the rulers of barbarous and foreign nations, with the peoples subject to them, shall

confer great and uncommon honour: by the holy men also of other churches, uncommon reverence shall be shown ”.

Then he returned to his hut, which was a little removed from the other huts or cells which formed the monastery, and sat there transcribing the Psalter—a kind of work in which they all delighted. So, on the last day of his life, we find him going on quietly with his work. He was writing the 34th Psalm, and he came to the words, “They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing”. “Here,” he said, “at the end of this page, I must stop; what follows let Baithene write.” And those believing men saw in this a designation of his successor. “The last verse which he wrote was very appropriate to the holy predecessor, who never wanted eternal good things; to the successor, the father and teacher of spiritual children, the one that follows was very appropriate, ‘Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord’; and he succeeded him, as the predecessor commended, not only in teaching, but also in writing.”

Then he went to the “vesper service of the Lord’s night” (*ad vespertinalem Dominicae noctis missam*), i.e., to the service on Saturday evening. They appear to have reckoned their day from the evening. Then, returning to his cell, he lay down on his couch, “where, for his couch, he had a bare slab, and, for a pillow, a stone”. Let us hope he had, at least, some straw on his stony couch. There he entrusted to Diormit his

last words to the brethren. "These my last words I commend to you, O children (*filioli*), that ye have among yourselves mutual and unfeigned love (*charitas*) with peace. And if you thus observe, according to the example of the holy fathers, God, the comforter of the good, will help you ; and I remaining with Him (or in another reading, 'while I am still remaining'), shall pray for you ; and not only shall the necessary things of the present life be sufficiently ministered by Him, but also the rewards of eternal good things, prepared for the observers of the divine precepts, shall be bestowed."

After this he remained silent till midnight. "Then, when the sounding bell struck at midnight, quickly rising, he proceeded to the church ; and, running quicker than the others, and entering alone, he sank on bended knees in prayer close to the altar. Diormit, his minister, following more slowly, saw at the same moment, from a little distance, the whole interior of the church filled with angelic light in the direction of the saint ; and, as he approached the gate, the same light which he saw quickly disappeared ; and this, also, a few others of the brethren, standing a little distance off, had seen. Diormit, therefore, entering the church, calls with a sorrowful voice, 'Where art thou, O father ?' And, as the brethren had not yet brought their lamps, groping through the darkness, he found the holy man lying before the altar ; and raising him a little and sitting down beside him, he placed his holy head upon his breast. And, mean-

while, the company of monks running in with lights, seeing their father dying, began to lament aloud. And, as we have learned from some who were present—his soul having not yet departed—opening his eyes again, he looked from side to side with wondrous joy and gladness of countenance, evidently beholding the holy angels meeting him. Then Diormit raised the holy right hand of the saint to bless the choir of monks. And the venerable father himself at the same time moved his hand as much as he was able, that, though he could not with his voice in the passing of his soul, yet with the motion of his hand, he might be seen to bless the brethren. And after the holy benediction in this way shown by sign, straightway he breathed forth his spirit. And after he had left the tabernacle of his body, his face remained ruddy, and brightened in wondrous fashion by the angelic vision; so much so, that it seemed not (the face) of one dead, but of one sleeping and alive. Meanwhile, the whole church resounded with sorrowful wailing.” And so they stood around him in last farewell, in that dark church, with their rush-light lamps, just as the midnight bell had ceased its tolling on the second Sunday morning of June, within the octave of Pentecost, 1288 years ago (June 9th, 597).

And what followed? They went on with that midnight service, singing their “matin hymns”. Is there not a simple grandeur there? Their master is dead, and yet they do not omit that service though his dead body is lying there before them. Do you object to

the monastic system—say that it was imperfect—very far from perfect? You must not seek the perfect thing there, any more than in the hydra-headed schism of the present day. But we are not criticising here. We are looking on what actually was in that old day. That was the channel through which our northern forefathers received the Christian faith. What was in Iona forms part of our common inheritance, wheresoever we now find ourselves. It were an idle occupation to worship the setting sun, and seek there the law of our present duty; or to dwell in mere sentimentality on that so touching midnight scene. But is not obedience grand—obedience even unto death—obedience even when he who taught it is cold in death? For, truly, man was made to be governed, and can be happy only when he is obeying. So it was in Eden, and so it ever will be. And he who is not obedient cannot rule. And surely it is good for him who is not so irritated with the imperfections that he sees, as to cast from him the duty of obedience, or to seek to overturn the good and the evil in one great overthrow. We may take that going on with their service as one of the best tokens that, though those monks revered and obeyed Columba to a wonderful degree, yet they had before their eyes something different from mere hero-worship. They worshipped God, and the dead must lie where he had fallen till their service to Him was fulfilled.

When the matin hymn was finished, they carried his body back to his cell, whence he had come alive a

little while before—the brethren chanting psalms the while. They wrapped it in a clean linen sheet, and celebrated his obsequies for three days and nights. Then they placed it in a coffin, which they had prepared for it, and buried it with due reverence, “to rise again in luminous and eternal brightness”. And none but the monks of the monastery were present; for there was a storm for those three days, and none could cross the Sound. They took the stone that had been his pillow, and set it at the head of his grave. Adamnan says it was there when he wrote. And, as Adamnan closes his book, he ascribes it all to God, “who loves those who love Him, and raises them to immense honour, glorifying more and more those who magnify, with sweet praises, Him who is blessed for ever. Amen.”

One Finten, in Ireland, went to an old friend, a cleric, named Columb Crag, to get counsel as to going to Iona to become one of Columba’s monks. Columb Crag advised him to go. While they were yet talking, two of Columba’s monks arrived from Derry, and Columb asked them of their journeyings. They said, “Lately rowing from Britain, we come to-day from the Oakwood of Calgach (Derry)”. “Is he well,” said Columb Crag, “your holy father Columba?” They wept, and said, with great sorrow, “Truly he, our Patron, is well, who, a few days ago, passed away to Christ”. And Finten and Columb, and all who were present, with faces bent to the ground, wept bitterly. Then Finten asked, “Whom has he left behind him

as his successor?" They answered, "Baithene, his *alumnus*". They all exclaimed, "It is meet and right". And so Finten went to Baithene, and was by him sent back to Leinster, according to instructions left by Columba; and there he founded a monastery.

Adamnan adds at the close of his book:—"I beseech those whosoever may wish to transcribe those little books, nay, rather, I adjure them by Christ the Judge of the ages, that, after they have diligently transcribed, they compare and correct them, with all diligence, by the copy whence they have written them, and also that they write under it this adjuration". Which injunction we have faithfully remembered, both in the letter of what we have copied, and also in the spirit of it in what we have summarized—although we have taken the liberty of dropping not a few things that Adamnan tells, and also of telling as simple incidents, some of what he gives as prophetic and miraculous.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AND WORK IN IONA.



AN abbot of Iona, writing a book for the monks of Iona and its dependencies, did not need to describe what was done in those monasteries. If he had known that a time would come when the mist of centuries would cover it, and men would create imagined forms out of the mist, he might have written a fully detailed account of their services and all else. None could have done it better. But the memory of Columba is Adamnan's only care, and he keeps close to his subject. But for a single sentence, we could not gather from his pages even the difference about the time of Easter, that bulked so very largely in the affairs of the Scottish Church in his day. He tells of his own visits to Northumbria to his "friend Aldfrid the king," but, even there, he mentions only what is connected with Columba. He never once refers to his interview with Abbot Ceolfrid, or to the monastery of Jarrow, although his visit there was of weighty import to the Churches in the north of Ireland, and, finally, to Iona itself. All this

Bede has preserved for us, saying of Adamnan—"he was a good and wise man, and most excellently instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures" (*Ecc. Hist.*, V. 15). For us here, who are not particularly concerned about the biography of a man, except as it reveals to us something else, the incidental details of Adamnan's book are most important. We must find in them, or nowhere else, our knowledge of the life and practice of Iona.

Iona and all connected with it have been treated as if they could become a party possession. The whole thing has, consequently, been misrepresented, until it is difficult to find an English book that tells us truly and fully what was there. It is difficult for any man to write or to read without some prepossession, if he feels the subject to be of vital moment. But why should a matter of historic truth be thus dealt with? Let the spirit of the advocate be entirely put away, that we may see exactly what was. We may approve or disapprove of the things we meet, but that can make no difference to the fact. Surely it is not appropriate that we should continue to think or speak of Iona as different from what it actually was.

We may here warn the reader concerning a name that has been most misleading in the history of the Church in Scotland, named the *Culdees*. Columba and his monks have been called Culdees, and Iona has been called a Culdee College. Now in the whole range of ancient history that name is never once given to Columba or his monks. Only once are Culdees

mentioned in connection with Iona, and that is 600 years after Columba came to it ; and then they appear only as a part of what was, by that time, called "the Family of Iona". Joceline, of Furness, calls the "Cara Familia" of Kentigern by the name of Culdees, but he wrote in the 12th century, and we cannot learn from him, or from any other known source, when that name first began to be applied to them. The first dated use of the name Culdees is about 843, A.D., in a grant by a Pictish king to the hermits of Lochleven ; and, even in the record of that grant, we are uncertain whether a later name is not attributed to an earlier time. But to apply the name Culdees to Columba and his clergy is certainly a glaring anachronism. Nor is there anything in ancient history to warrant the other notion that, though the name be of more recent date, yet the Culdees were the modern representatives of the ancient clergy of Iona ; and that, as Iona resisted the Synodical Easter, so the Culdees maintained a protest against what they regarded as innovations ; and, in particular, that they resisted Queen Margaret's efforts to reduce the clergy of Scotland to conformity with Western Europe. When we seek proof for all this, it vanishes into thin air. In Turgot's "Life of St. Margaret," the Culdees are not once mentioned ; and all that we know for certain of her relation to them is that Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland, gave the town of Ballechristin to Almighty God and the Keledei of Lochleven, which assuredly does not indicate antagonism

between her and them. There does not appear ever to have been a sect, or party, in the Church, called Culdees. That name was given to secular canons, and also to some who were not clerics, but lived in a community. We might as soon construct a party in the Church out of secular canons as out of Culdees. The following sentences are from Braun, *De Culdeis* (*Bonnae: Henry et Cohen, 1830*):—"Therefore, to have first separated a sect of Culdees, unheard of in the earliest times of the Church, unknown to a following age,—to have nourished it when separated,—to have carried it into ecclesiastical history, blessed beyond measure with fertility of sects,—that praise must be accorded to writers of a later time. For they have collected certain confused rumours, and certain disjointed and misleading statements from Fordoun, Boece, and others; they have joined together the things collected; they have adorned with their genius those things joined together; and so they have constituted a whole sect." We do not discuss the question further in this place. It is sufficient for our purpose here to say that the sooner the name is dissociated from those to whom it never was applied in olden times, the clearer will be the history of the Church in early Scotland.

If we suppose that things in the Church were in the same condition in the 6th century as in the 19th, we shall never understand those old times. We are in the midst of many parties differing from each other in matters of doctrine and practice, not acknowledging

common headship on earth, and, in some cases, not acknowledging common brotherhood. The Church in Iona was not a party like those which we see around us. The Scottish Church was severed from Western Europe by the force of circumstances alone, but it really was so severed. There is no credible record of Columba having ever been in communication with Rome or with any one immediately sent from it.

Bede, speaking of Columba, says : " But whoever he was, we hold this for certain concerning him, that he left behind him successors illustrious for great continence, and divine love, and a regular institution ; in the time of the chief festival, indeed, following doubtful cycles, for as they were situated far beyond the world nobody had presented to them the decrees of the Synodial Easter ; only diligently observing those works of piety and chastity which they had been able to learn in the Prophecies, the Gospels, and the Apostolic Epistles " (*Ecc. Hist.*, III. 4). In 455, A.D., Pope Leo said that he had complied with the Alexandrian cycle while there was yet a week's difference in their calculations, and he desired the Western bishops to do so ; and in 525, A.D., Dionysius Exiguus brought the Alexandrian canon entire into use in the Roman Church (*Bingham's Antiq.*, B. XX., c. 5). From the clergy in Iona not knowing the decrees of the Synodial Easter, we gather that the severance must have extended over at least a century before Columba came to Iona—*i.e.*, from the time that the Picts had pressed down from the north and

the Saxons had established themselves on the east of Britain.

The things, therefore, that were in Iona after such a long separation are of great interest, not only to Scottish men, but to all students of Ecclesiastical History.

We see through Adamnan's pages a picture of a healthful, loving, laborious life—agricultural and seafaring. At the heart of it all was a constant work of prayer and of going forth to preach the Gospel. The life was monastic, and its prime object was the perfecting of those gathered in the monastery. Yet scarcely second to this was preaching the Gospel. It was a high honour "to lead many souls to the kingdom"—higher than to be merely a monk. The places for monasteries were generally chosen as centres from which they might reach the surrounding people. Yet this was not always the case; for we find them in groups seeking hermit homes (*eremi*) far over the sea and remote from men. There were also hermits or anchorites who sought greater solitude by living alone.

The monastery of Iona was a collection of huts—some of wicker-work, some of planks—enclosing a court. Columba's hut was a little apart from the rest on a rising ground. There was a *hospitium* for strangers, for the washing of whose feet water was provided. Between the monastery and the harbour was the kiln. A little way off were the barn and the byre. Of the

barn you may see the like in structure, though not perhaps in material, in the highlands to-day, with two doors opposite each other, between which the grain is winnowed by pouring it gently from the "wechts". We seem to stand in its cool shade, with Columba and Diormit, on that last Saturday, and see its two heaps of winnowed corn.

We get a vivid picture of the monks about their several tasks. We see them putting on their shoes in the morning, preparing for the work of the day. They are tilling the soil and reaping the grain and carrying home their burdens on their back after the hard toil of the harvest field. A lad is milking the cows and carrying home a milk-pail on his back, which we see has a lid fastened with a bar thrust through two holes. An old white horse carries the milk pails between the byre and the monastery. The only vehicle we see in Iona is a cart; but, in Ireland, Columba was driven by a monk in a carriage—perhaps we should say an Irish car—without the pins which should have been put into the axle to keep on the wheels. We see blacksmith work. They covered their edge tools with thin layers from a knife that they said Columba had blessed. There was a certain blacksmith in Ireland named Columb Coilrigin of whom, at his death, Columba said, "Not in vain has he laboured who, eager, happy man, has prepared eternal things with the labour of his own hands," for whatever he could earn he gave in alms to the poor (III., 10). There was also the work of the woodman, the joiner, and the shipbuilder.

Inside the monastery we see the hearth round which they gather in the winter's cold. They are sitting in the house on a day of "roaring tempest and immense size of waves". The baker is at his work. We hear of the butler amusing his friends by "twirling the ladle in the strainer". They get an addition to their dinner on Sunday. Visitors come and call across the Sound until the monks ferry them over. They are ever ready in hospitality. They break their usual Wednesday fast when a guest arrives ; but even Aidan, son of Fergno, a very religious man, is counted a troublesome guest on that day.

But the work in chief esteem from the abbot downwards was writing. Columba was a skilled penman. It was one of Baithene's qualifications that he could succeed Columba in writing. He copied a Psalter in which there was nothing wanting but the vowel I. Their pens, inkhorns, and tablets, their leathern satchels for carrying books, their desks or boxes for papers or books, are all there. An awkward fellow comes across the Sound, and Diormit tries to protect Columba's inkhorn. But he has to leave his place, and the awkward man, trying to kiss Columba, knocks over the inkhorn with his garment and spills it.

They are lovers of music and song. Bards come to them ; and it is the custom when a bard is leaving to ask him to sing some song at parting.

Some of those monks are "hardy fishermen". We meet them at work with their nets on stream and lake. Fishing in the Seil, they get five fish, and one of ex-

traordinary size, which "God has prepared" for Columba. At Lough Key in Ireland they get two large salmon in their net.

They are also daring mariners, and we find them on long voyages. Cormac, especially, appears as a primitive arctic explorer, sailing as far north as he dared—on one occasion landing in Orkney. Again on his third voyage, he sailed for 14 days and nights with full sail before a south wind straight from land, with his prow to the north pole, till they seem to have gone beyond the limits of human wanderings and return seems impossible. His vessel is covered with leather, and has a keel and poop and prow. He is seeking not the north pole, but "a desert in the trackless deep" for a hermit home. The creatures of the deep fill them with alarm, and they pray to God, "who is a faithful and ready helper in distress"; and the north wind begins to blow, and so, many days afterwards, Cormac's ship reaches the land. Colman Mocusailni sailing from Ireland is caught in the wild waves of "Breacan's whirlpool" (Coire Breacan), in which Columba said, "The Lord only frightens him, not that the ship in which he sits may be wrecked, but rather to incite him to pray more earnestly that by the favour of God he may reach us after passing through the danger". In Adamnan's time we see them after prayer at the altar dragging their "long ships" overland and bringing home material for their vessels; also bringing oak trees from near the mouth of the Seil in a flotilla of 12 curachs and forced by a west wind to

take refuge in the nearest island, which was called Airthrago.

They have somewhere about a dozen names for their naval craft—among which are long ships, and ships of burden, and cibles, and curachs, and skiffs, and ferry-boats, and rafts—some built of wood, and some of wicker-work covered with leather—some with keel, and poop, and prow, with masts, and sail-yards, and cordage, and sails, and “sweeping oars”. We find sailors who were monks and sailors who were not. A strange vessel from France they call a *barca*, or barque, and it has its captain (*nauclerus*) and its crew.

At the head of the monastery was the abbot. He was the father of the monastic family. To him all the monks were subject, and a ready obedience was shown to his least command. The monks were his children (*filioli*). They found their joy in his approval. Between Columba and the monks of Iona there was the closest bond of love. Cailtran he loved as a friend. Diormit was “this my boy”. Their reverence was expressed by kneeling to him when they made any request. Their love was shown in the alacrity of their obedience. It was all one whether they were bidden do something about the monastery or go to ferry a stranger over the Sound, or start without delay to any of the distant islands or to Ireland, they were at once on their way—*sine ulla mora*. When they had laboured all day in the harvest-field and were later than usual in returning, Columba used to go out to meet them. And when he had grown old and feeble

and was unable to go out, they began to feel a great joy at a particular place, and one monk said it seemed to him as if his heavy load was light, and he felt as if he had not laboured at all. And then they spoke to one another about it, and Baithene and they came to the conclusion that it was because Columba was grieved when they were later than usual in returning; and, though he could not meet them in body, he was with them in spirit consoling them in their weariness. One cold winter day, Columba wept bitterly because Laisran in Derry was keeping his monks working at a large house. And Laisran made better arrangements in future, so that they should rest in severe weather. Nor was the abbot an idle man. We have seen him calmly going on with his work up to the evening of his death, and he went to the altar and died at his post. As to his work otherwise, Adamnan says, "He could not pass even the interval of an hour in which he did not devote himself either to prayer or reading or writing or some work," and he was so occupied with unwearied labours of fastings and watchings that the burden of each seemed beyond human possibility. In the midst of it all, he was beloved by all, and his joyous countenance revealed the gladness of the Holy Ghost. So with reverence on the one side and fatherly care on the other, and a deep and tender love in all, theirs was a life of peace.

The other monasteries were under the headship of Iona. Some of them were small, and were called cells. One of them was at Lochawe, where Cailtran

was superior (*præpositus*, I. 25). Their heads were all at the call of the abbot of Iona. They came soon after to be called the "Family of Iona" and the "Columbienses," which names included all the monasteries founded by Columba or his disciples in Scotland and Ireland. All the monasteries in Pictland were from Iona, but in Argyle, which was a Christian country before Columba came, there seem to have been monasteries, of which Iona was not the head (Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, III. 3).

Before anyone could reside in Iona he had to take a monastic vow. The labours of that vow were hard. Columba laid before Libran "the hard and laborious monasterial rule" (II. 40). Two brothers came and shouted across the Sound one Lord's Day, and the monks ferried them across. They were pilgrims who wanted to stay that year in Iona. "With me," said Columba, "ye cannot stay for the space of one year, unless first ye take the monastic vow." They agreed, and "at the same hour, having entered the oratory with the saint, they vowed the monastic vow on bended knees" (I. 26). Swift obedience was required. "Go, thou oughtest to obey my command," said Columba to Diormit. It was obedience without the least delay—*sine ulla morula*. Lugne Mocumin swam the Ness stripped to the shirt at Columba's command, delaying nothing (*nihil moratus*), though it seemed at the risk of his life (II. 28). Disobedience was regarded as an "inexcusable transgression" (III. 17). There were monasteries of women, though not

in Iona. The wife of Lugne Tudida wanted to get into a monastery of women. Bridget, abbess of Kildare, died 521 or 523, A.D., and Darlugdach succeeded her. We read of "a holy virgin Maugina". In the whole of Ireland and Pictavia and Dalriada at that time there appear no other churches than those of the monasteries.

The Sacrament of Baptism is mentioned in such a way as to show that it was with water, and that it was administered to children, and also to persons near to death. Columba once hurried his journey very much in order to baptize a dying Pict. What is said of it shows that it was regarded as admission to the Christian Church.

The church in Iona had a side apartment which rested on the wall, and was called *exedra*. The one article of church furniture mentioned is the altar. It stood at the further end from the door. Before it they were wont to kneel in prayer (II. 43). There the Holy Eucharist was celebrated.

Before celebrating the Holy Eucharist, they first made preparation, providing bread (I. 35) and wine, and also water, which the deacon brought in a vessel and set down near to the altar (II. 1). The celebrant entered the church after the reading of the Gospel (III. 18).^{*} Columba asked Cronan to celebrate, believing him to be a presbyter, and Cronan asked Columba to approach with him that, "at the same time, as two

^{*} See note, page 115.

presbyters, they might break the Lord's Bread" (I. 35). But when the bishop celebrated, he "broke the bread alone in the episcopal rite" (I. 35). Adamnan does not tell us what were the special parts of the celebrant and assistant, nor does he say what was the episcopal rite. In the act of consecration, the celebrant stood before the altar (III. 18). In the service some parts were *cum modulatione*, i.e., with measure or rhythm or intonation. There were prayers in the service of Holy Eucharist, in which the departed were commemorated, and those were sung by *cantores* (III. 13). The brethren approached the altar to "receive the Eucharist" (II. 40).

Their preparation for this service was called "preparing the holy service of the Eucharist" (III. 12); "preparing the solemnities of the Mass" (III. 12); "preparing the rites of the holy oblation" (III. 13); "preparing the holy services" (III. 13). The service itself was called, "performing (*peragere*) the solemnities of the Mass" (I. 32); "forming (*conficere*) the Body of Christ" (I. 35); "the sacrificial mystery" (II. 1); "celebrating the solemnities of the Mass" (III. 18); "consecrating the holy mysteries of the Eucharist" (III. 18).

On the more solemn festivals (*dies solemnes*) the brethren proceeded to the church in white vestments (*albat* III. 13). The festival most frequently mentioned is the Lord's Day. On that day they rested from their toil and the Holy Eucharist was celebrated (III. 13). They did not call it the Sabbath, which

was the name by which they understood Saturday. It was many hundred years after Columba's time before it became the custom in this country to call the first day of the week the Sabbath. They observed also Christmas, which they called *Natalitium Domini* (II. 18); also Easter, which they called *Paschalis Solemnitas*, and the "Festival of Gladness" (III. 24). They observed 40 days before Easter, but in what way is not said (II. 40). There is also a suggestion of the observance of Easter through the octave in the expression "to the end of the Paschal days" (II. 8). Adamnan says nothing about Pentecost, but the Irish Annals tell us that Columba came to Iona on the eve of Pentecost and that he died at Pentecost, in which again there is a suggestion of the octave. Columba died on the eighth day after, yet it is called Pentecost.

Holy Eucharist was celebrated in commemoration of Brenden (III. 12) and Columbanus (III. 13), the celebration in the latter case being in the morning. On the anniversary of Columba's death, which was called a "festival night and solemn day" (*festiva nox et dies sollemnis*), the Holy Eucharist was celebrated at the sixth hour; and as Baithene died on the same day of the year as Columba, both were commemorated together (II. 46).

Besides the Holy Eucharist, they had other services. Matins and Vespers are mentioned (III. 24). Vespers are called *vespertinalis missa*, showing that the word *missa*, or "mass," was not confined to the Holy Eucharist. Matin hymns were sung in that midnight

service at the beginning of which Columba died. The third, the sixth (II. 46), and the ninth hours (I. 35) are mentioned, but not in such a way as to warrant a general conclusion. We meet with a book of hymns in Columba's handwriting called *hymnorum liber septimaniorum*, which must mean "hymns for the seven days" or "seventh-day hymns".

We find confession and absolution. When confession was made, restitution was insisted on as in the case of Libran. Sometimes confession was made before all. Feachna the Wise was overtaken in a grievous sin and he came to Columba and confessed his sin. The words of absolution spoken by Columba were, "Arise, my son, and be comforted, thy sins which thou hast committed are forgiven, because as it is written 'a contrite and lowly heart God does not despise'" (I. 24). Several other instances are given. When a person had made confession and was restored, he was said to be healed (*sanatus*) (I. 10).

In connection with confession of sin the penitent was said *agere pœnitentiam*, or *gerere pœnitudinem*, or *explere pœnitentiam*. In some cases this appears as nothing more than kneeling down and making public confession. But in other cases the penitent promised to fulfil the *leges pœnitentiæ*. It matters little whether we translate this, "the laws of penitence" or "of penance"; we are told what actually was done. Libran of the Rush-ground was sent by Columba to fulfil "a seven years' penance" (*septennem pœnitentiam*) in Tíree; and he was to return during the 40 days

before Easter, in order that he might then approach the altar and "receive the Eucharist". Another came who had committed a dreadful crime, and Columba bade them send him away to Mull. Baithene pled for him, and the poor wretch fell on his knees on the shore and promised that he would fulfil the *leges pœnitentiæ*—"the laws of penance," or "penitence," if that word be preferred. Columba said, "If for twelve years thou doest penance (*pœnitentiam*) among the Britons with grief and tears, and do not return to Scotia even to thy death, perhaps God may pardon thy sin" (I. 16). On one occasion when Columba was visiting the monastery in Eilean-na-Naoimh, "he ordered that some indulgence of food should be granted even to the penitents" (I. 15). Whatever, therefore, be our translation of the words *pœnitentia* and *pœnitudo*, what is known as penance was practised in Iona.

Fasting was very common among them, coupled with prayer, especially in times of drought or adversity. It was their custom to fast regularly on Wednesdays. Some affirm that they fasted also on Fridays, which is quite probable; but we have not found it mentioned in Adamnan's pages. Columba set the quarrelsome couple to fasting and praying, and apparently with the best results. He himself was constant in fasting.

Those men had strong faith in prayer. In every time of trouble that was their resort. They were in the habit of going to the church alone to pray, and

sometimes at midnight ; or they retired to thicket or dell, or wherever they might be alone. During Columba's life, they believed that God would give him whatever he might ask. While he was still living, "a daughter of Eve," in her distress, called on his name. Maugina, daughter of Daimen, remembered the name of Columba in her distress, "hoping to receive consolation" through his prayer. When the sailors would not take Libran on board, he "spoke to the venerable man far distant yet present in spirit"; and when they took him on board he said, "In the name of the Omnipotent, whom Columba blamelessly serves, pull the halyards and raise the sails". Yet Adamnan tells us that the prayers of the Churches were heard in the matter of prolonging Columba's life, even though he himself was weary with age and prayed for rest.

They believed also in the spoken word of blessing. Before setting out on a journey, it was their custom to seek the blessing of their superior. They sought blessing on their labour, on their barn, and on their fields, and they believed that they got it. Their daily life was all encircled with the supernatural. They sailed about those western islands or tilled their fields or wrote their books with a sense of the presence of God that fills the modern mind with astonishment. They dragged their ships overland and brought home oak trees from Seil "by the blessing of God". The appearance of angels might fill them with awe, but could not take them by surprise ; for the holy angels

were as real to their faith as their comrades were to their senses.

In blessing, the sign of the cross was used. That sign was in very frequent use among them, and they believed in it as a protecting power. The spot where any memorable event happened was marked by a cross.

They believed firmly in the gifts of miracles, healing, prophecy, and discerning of spirits, and that not only in Columba but in others also. They did not regard prophecy as merely foretelling the future, for several things which Adamnan tells as prophetic were spoken regarding what was present. They believed that the sick were healed by the invocation of the name of Christ and stretching forth the hand. They also believed that sick persons were healed by certain things which Columba had blessed, as salt or bread dipped in water, or even by touching his garment. Of course it is easy to call them superstitious; but who are they who, with a beam in their own eye, would take the mote out of their brother's eye. Look at the infidelity of the present time. Let every one, however, make what deductions he pleases, and then see what remains. Our forefathers had not then learned to disbelieve certain parts of the New Testament, but still believed the truth of those promises made without limit as to time and place. They had no "theories of miracles" or attempts to reconcile them to "natural law"; but acting on what they had found written, they looked for the things promised. For those

things that seem impossible, Adamnan has the answer, "All things are possible to him that believeth".

The day of a faithful man's death they called his "natal day". They believed that the holy angels met the souls of the faithful departed and carried them to "the heavenly fatherland," and also that evil angels met the souls of the wicked. This appears everywhere. But we get one curious glimpse of their faith in this direction. Columba once called the brethren together to prayer by the sound of the bell, and told them that certain monks of Abbot Comgall were just drowned in Belfast Lough, and a certain stranger was drowned along with them. The valiant monks were fighting with the hostile powers of the air to rescue the soul of this stranger, and the holy angels came to their help and bore him off in triumph (III. 14). As to the "heavenly fatherland" to which the faithful were carried, there is no detailed statement of what they knew or believed regarding it. But whatever it was, it certainly did not contradict their belief in the resurrection. Their hope in the resurrection shines very clear. The place of a man's burial was spoken of as the place where he should rise from the dead. Columba said to Libran:—"Not in Britain, but in Scotia (Ireland) shalt thou rise again; . . . with my chosen monks, thy part shall be in the kingdom, and with them thou shalt awake from the sleep of death to the resurrection of life" (I. 40). Of Columba himself, Adamnan says that they buried his body "to rise again in luminous and eternal brightness". The

condition of the departed, even the most highly honoured of them, was not their final condition, for they should be joined again to their bodies ; and this forms a very prominent part in the faith and hope that were in Iona.

We have already seen that it was their custom to commemorate the departed in the Holy Eucharist, not only on set days, but also regularly. This shows that they did not regard the departed as being severed from the communion of the Church, or as being beyond the scope of their prayer. Indeed the refusal to include the departed in the prayers of the Church is of recent date.

In Columba's last words to the brethren, one reading, which is, indeed, the most natural, would show that he believed he would still pray for them :—" God, the Comforter of the good, will help you, and I remaining with Him will pray for you ". But another reading, by the change of a single letter, would make it—" I, while I am still remaining, will pray for you ". This latter is certainly an uncouth construction and hardly in keeping with Columba's near end. Yet, as it is there, we may let it have whatever weight it can. And certainly, in Columba's own time, we find no instance recorded by Adamnan of the intercession of the departed saints being sought. But, immediately after his death, he became their patron (I. 2). They had been accustomed to ask him to pray for them while he was living, and they continued to do so after he was dead. Adamnan tells us

that on various occasions they addressed him, asking him to pray for favourable winds, or for rain in time of drought. Once they were hindered by adverse winds when bringing home wood from Seil, and they said, "Does this, our unfortunate delay, please thee, O saint? Hitherto, we have hoped that by thee, through the favour of God, some consolatory help of our labours is given, thinking, indeed, that thou art of somewhat high honour with God." This Adamnan calls a gentle "querulous chiding with our holy man". Again, he and others were coming back from Ireland after a synod, and they were hindered by contrary winds among the Clan Lorn, and had only got to Shuna on their way, and it was the eve of the Feast of St. Columba. So they said, "Does it please thee, O saint, that we should pass to-morrow, the day of thy festival, among strangers and not in thine own church? It is easy for thee at the beginning of such a day to obtain from the Lord that contrary winds be turned into favourable, that we may celebrate the solemnities of the mass of thy natal (day) in thy church." And he says they got home to Iona by the third hour, and, after washing their hands and feet, they entered the church with the rest of the brethren at the sixth hour. Further, when the plague twice devastated Britain it did not touch Pictland or Dalriada. During both visitations Adamnan was in Northumbria, and though he and his monks were moving about amongst it none suffered. He says this was for Columba's sake. They also believed that some relics

of Columba had virtue in them. It was well into the 8th century, however, before his bones were enshrined.

As to the orders of ministers in Iona, no one can be in doubt who has followed us thus far. They were three—bishop, presbyter, and deacon.

When the bishop celebrated at the altar, there was something peculiar to his celebration called “the episcopal rite”. The chief episcopal function that is mentioned is ordination. In no case do we find ordination by presbyters. It was Etchen, bishop of Clonfad, who ordained Columba (Reeve’s *Adamnan*, Introd., p. 35).

It was a bishop who ordained Aid the Black. Findchan, who laid his hand upon him, was condemned by Columba for doing that which was both wrong and against ecclesiastical law. We have given examples of the position of the bishops. While Columba thought that Cronan was a priest, they two approached the altar together. But when he knew that Cronan was a bishop, he refused to celebrate or assist in a way that would imply equality. The presbyter-abbot in his own church yielded precedence to a bishop. When the four bishops chose (*elegerunt*) that Columba should celebrate in their presence, he did it obeying their command—*eorum obsecundans jussioni*—the same words as those used when he reminded Diormit of his duty to obey. And it should not be forgotten that those things were written of Columba by one who was himself a presbyter-abbot of Iona, and knew perfectly well what was the rela-

tion both of bishops and presbyters, and also of bishops and the presbyter-abbot of Iona.

Modern notions of the Episcopate are so associated with diocesan jurisdiction that the Irish Episcopate is frequently misunderstood. Hence Patrick's many bishops sometimes cause a smile. But there appear to have been no dioceses in Ireland or Scotland then or for centuries afterwards. A bishop was a minister of an order superior to that of presbyter. Some abbots were bishops, and some were not ; but though this made a great difference in their own standing in the Church, it made no difference as to their abbatial rule over those under them. If we keep modern dioceses out of our minds, Patrick's many bishops need not surprise us much. Nor shall we be surprised that a presbyter-abbot should rule all the monasteries in Pictland, seeing they were the foundations of his own monastery and there were no other.

As to presbyters there seems no room for doubt as to what they were. Their office was to serve at the altar, and there to "consecrate the holy oblation". In one place where Columba was serving as a deacon, there were also present the "ministers of the altar" and the bishop. We find the presbyter-abbot ministering absolution. Clearly the presbyters or elders were regarded as priests, whose office was to present the "holy oblation" upon the altar. Their ordination was not from their fellow-presbyters, but by the hands of a bishop.

Columba is twice mentioned by Adamnan as serving

in the deaconship. On one occasion the work of the deacon appears as making preparation for the service of the Holy Eucharist—among other things, bringing water from the well and bringing the vessel with wine and setting it down near to the altar. On the other occasion he was under Gemman, who was “the master of the young deacon”.

Some interesting relics of Columba were long preserved, and some of them remain till this day. A copy of the Gospels, called the “Gospel of St. Martin,” was an ancient relic in 1182, when it was carried off by the English and lost. The “Book of Durrow,” a codex of the Gospels declared to be by Columba’s hand, was preserved and finally given to Trinity College, Dublin. It was of great antiquity in 916. The “Book of Kells,” most wonderful of all, was called “The Great Gospel of Columcille,” and was preserved in Kells. It was stolen in 1006, A.D. ; was stripped of its gold ; but was found unharmed two months and twenty days afterwards under a sod. It came to Trinity College, Dublin, “where it remains the wonder and astonishment of every one who examines it” (Reeves’ *Adamnan*, Introd.). Those with the “Cathach” aforementioned seem veritable relics of Columba.

In 1211-1214, there appears in the custody of the Abbey of Arbroath a standard (*vexillum*) called the Breccbannoch, entrusted to it by William the Lion along with the lands of Forglen. The charter was repeated by Alexander II. In 1314 the convent

granted to Malcolm of Monimusc the custody of this standard, with the lands of Forglen, on condition of his serving in their name in the king's army. Then the standard and Forglen passed to the Urrys and the Frasers, and in 1411 were again in the hands of the convent. About 1420 the Brecbannoch and Forglen were entrusted to Sir Alexander Irvine of Drum, and they are mentioned as in the hands of that family up till 1494, A.D. The Irvines of Drum were to carry the standard of the Brecbannoch in the army of the king for the Abbey of Arbroath, and to pay for Forglen the annual rent of forty shillings; and thereafter the Brecbannoch passes from history. And strangely enough this *vexillum*, banner or standard, which was of such value as to be the subject of a royal charter, was somehow connected with Columba.

Baithene, Columba's first cousin, succeeded him in Iona, and died in 600, A.D., on the anniversary of the death of Columba. Laisren, son of a cousin of Columba, succeeded Baithene. He had been Abbot of Durrow under Columba.

In Pictland, Bridei I., son of Mailcon, died in 584, and was succeeded by Gartnait, son of Domelch. The Pictish inheritance was by the mother, and the chronicles mention only the father's name. This makes it for the most part impossible to trace the relation of those kings to one another. Gartnait died in 595, and was succeeded by Necton II., a grandson of Uerb,

or it may mean a descendant of Erip, father of Drust the Great.

And so at the close of the 6th century we leave nearly all Scotland a Christian country, having in it three Christian kingdoms. Among those western islands there was probably not one that had not been touched by the prow of the vessels of Columba and his monks. The "golden light" shone over them all, leaving there a sacred memory and a very sacred living reality. It shone also over all Pictland, even as far north as to the Orkney Islands, and eastward to the mouth of the Don. In Dalriada, Aidan—the first king consecrated in Britain so far as records show—was reigning with no mean power. From Dumbarton Rock and Partick Riderch was reigning over a Christian kingdom that stretched south as far as the Derwent. On the banks of the Mollendenor, Kentigern, "the friend most dear," was still pursuing his quiet labours nearly 600 years before the burgh of Glasgow was founded. The only people who were still heathen were the Engles or Englishmen, who were pressing up towards the Forth.

It is a bright page in the history of our country—all too little known by her sons ; and the brightness was not evanescent. Ireland and Iona were for many years the home of faith and learning. And soon the Engles in Northumbria, and even further south, were to learn from Iona the faith of Christ.

